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Mr. O'LEARY's

DEFENCE;

CONTAINING A

VINDICATION

OF HIS

CONDUCT AND WRITINGS

DURING THE

LATE DISTURBANCES IN MUNSTER:

WITH A

FULL JUSTIFICATION of the CATHOLICS,

AND

An ACCOUNT of the RISINGS of the WHITE-BOYS.

IN ANSWER TO THE

FALSE ACCUSATIONS OF THEOPHILUS,

AND THE

ILL-GROUNDED INSINUATIONS

OF THE

RIGHT REVEREND DOCTOR WOODWARD,

LORD BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY P. BYRNE, No. 108, GRAFTON-STREET;

M.DCC.LXXX VII.

CSD
O'Lear

1. Church of Ireland.
2. Whiteboys.
3. Name (Woodward, Richard)

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E R R A T A.

Page	Line	
39,	11,	for ſedition which the mad malevolence has upbraided me, read ſedition *with* which mad malevolence has upbraided me.
53,	18,	dele the word *and.*
57,	11,	after the words 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* read whereas in the year 1786, they were increaſed to 2*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* in ſome places.
58,	12,	read *Apage nugæ.*
63,	5,	for *if*, read *of.*
130,		for *wounds*, read *mounds.*

INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER attempts to give an account of public tranſactions ſhould be above the reach and power of hope and fear, and all kinds of INTEREST; that he may always dare to ſpeak the truth, and write of all without *prejudice*, religiouſly obſerving never to abuſe the public faith, but to guard againſt the bias and affections of thoſe who would endeavour to impoſe on him by falſe or exaggerated reports. He ſhould not confine himſelf to a bare recital of the actions of men, but to lay open the motives and principles from which they took their riſe, and upon which they proceeded to their final iſſues. When in public tranſactions in which all parties are concerned, ſome perſons make themſelves more conſpicuous than others, it is not barely ſufficient to mention their names. The hearts of ſuch actors muſt be laid open. The reader muſt be let into their moſt important motives and deſigns, and favoured with a ſight of thoſe ſecret ſprings which moved them to the enterprize whether it ſucceeded or miſcarried. He

ſhould be *diſintereſted* himſelf, and attribute no *bad motives* to perſons whoſe actions could bear a favourable conſtruction; when he is convinced that they had *no intereſt* in interfering in thoſe ſcenes of diſorder and tumult which he chuſes for the ſubject of his narrative.

Upon thoſe principles Doctor Woodward ſhould have proceeded when he introduces me on the ſtage after *his account* of the diſturbances in the ſouth of Ireland; diſturbances which diſgraced the nation, by the manner in which they were heightened in the foreign prints, painting us in a ſtate of barbariſm and rebellion, and which however unjuſtifiable, yet borrow (in the county of Cork at leaſt) their importance more from the colourings of exaggerating writers, than from any ſignal or ſingular event which would ſuit the dignity of the hiſtorian's pencil, whoſe office it is to pronounce the deſtiny of the *great ones* of the earth; to fix their character with poſterity, to do juſtice to virtue and worth, and to admit no figures into his hiſtorical groupe but the figures of the great and illuſtrious. It is true that public tranſactions ſhould be recorded, though the characters which appeared on the ſcene are far from being illuſtrious. The Roman hiſtorians have tranſmitted to

poſterity

poſterity the war of the *ſlaves:* And the Right Reverend Biſhop of Cloyne has favoured the public with *a general account* of the operations of the Munſter *rabble.* But he differs widely from the patterns after whom he ſhould have copied. For however unworthy of the hiſtorian's pen the exploits of *ſhabby heroes* may appear, yet when he hands their atchievements down to poſterity, he ſhould paint them in their *proper colours*, and range them under their *reſpective banners.* When Tacitus deſcribes the revolt of the Pannonian legions, incited to *ſedition* by Perſennius, a common ſoldier, and the *Captain Right* of his time, he informs his readers of that incendiary's *profeſſion.* But when the Biſhop of Cloyne promiſes, in his title-page, *A general Account of the Inſurrections of the South of Ireland, with their riſe and progreſs*, he leads all his warriors into the field in the ſame *uniform.* They are all *a popiſh mob diſarming Proteſtants to overthrow the eſtabliſhed religion.* In this aſſertion I ſhall take the liberty of differing in opinion from the Biſhop, with the ſame freedom that Leſley, a diſſenting miniſter, contradicted Archbiſhop King, when that prelate wrote his Hiſtory of the State of the Proteſtants in Ireland under James the Second; and as Beverley Higgins, a gentleman of the eſtabliſhed religion, differed widely in opinion from

from Biſhop Burnet, when he wrote *the Hiſtory of his own Times.*

Happy! if I could diſcover nothing reprehenſible in the Biſhop of Cloyne's pamphlet, but hiſtorical inaccuracy! It would affect me no more than ſome of the ſtories of Herodotus, who was ſo liable to miſinformation. For a *mob* is a *mob*, whether they be *Proteſtants* or *Papiſts*. A *popiſh mob* may crop horſes and burn ricks of corn in Ireland; and a *Proteſtant mob* may burn houſes and attempt to plunder the bank in London. It is the crime, not the religion of the criminal, which diſturbs the peace of ſociety, and is puniſhed by the judge.

But when in the Biſhop's pamphlet I ſee myſelf perſonally attacked, and (what concerns me more than any perſonal injury) my religion glanced at as inconſiſtent with the ſecurity of the ſtate. When I ſee Catholic prelates, who are an ornament to the age, wounded by an intimation that their allegiance to their King in temporals is a prevarication of their obedience to their ſupreme paſtor in ſpirituals. For here, according to Doctor Woodward's innuendo, perjury muſt be the alternative. If they ſwear allegiance to the Pope, they cannot

ſwear

ſwear allegiance to the King. If they ſwear allegiance to the King, they cannot ſwear allegiance to the Pope—ſtill they ſwore allegiance to both. Perjury then is inevitable. A dreadful dilemma ariſing from a conſecration-oath, tranſlated into Engliſh for the purpoſe of perplexing the ignorant, and left unexplained for the purpoſe of rendering venerable prelates obnoxious to the public. —When I ſee Doctor Woodward one of the pilots of the veſſels of the eſtabliſh'd religion hanging out the ſignal of diſtreſs, and crying aloud on the deck, "THE CHURCH OF IRELAND IS AT "THIS PRESENT MOMENT IN IMMINENT DAN-"GER OF SUBVERSION." From whom? From the *Diſſenters ready to pull down an eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment, and the Catholics ready to ſet up their own.* That is to ſay, from two claſſes of ſubjects more intereſted in improving *thirty-nine* acres of ground for the ſupport of their families, than in aboliſhing the *thirty-nine articles* of Biſhop Woodward's profeſſion of faith, which (however founded in the Scriptures) thouſands of Proteſtant Divines all over Europe would not ſubſcribe. When I now ſee the three great claſſes of High-churchmen, Diſſenters and Catholics, whom I have formerly ſeen to drown their religious diſtinctions in the noiſe of the alarm drum, and march under

der the ſame banners to protect the beds of their wives, and the cradles of their children againſt the common foe. When I ſee them now diſunited, (if they were mad enough to be diſunited by the croaking of controverſy, and in ſpeculative points which puzzle the mind, to forget ſocial friendſhip which cheers and warms the heart.)* When I ſee them diſunited, or on the eve of a rupture in conſequence of this alarming proclamation, *truths which at other times ſhould be kept in ſilence for the preſervation of harmony, muſt now be brought to public notice*, I am at a loſs what to ſay. By ſuch a declaration the Biſhop acknowledges that his pamphlet is not *calculated to preſerve harmony*, otherwiſe he would have been ſilent; or his words are a riddle which muſt be unravelled by a greater Œdipus than Mr. O'Leary.

However, as the unhappy diſturbances in the South of Ireland have afforded a pretext for the

* Mr. O'Leary hopes that none will cavil at theſe words, as if uttered by a latitudinarian. He is a ſtedfaſt Catholic; but is no more inclined to quarrel with any perſon on account of his religion, than to quarrel with him on account of the colour of his clothes.

diſſolution

diſſolution of this harmony which reign'd amongſt the natives of this kingdom a few years before; and as the Catholics in general as well as Mr. O'Leary in particular have been miſrepreſented, the following defence, in which the Inſurrections are mentioned, is humbly ſubmitted to the judgment of the public. If Mr. O'Leary ſpeaks of himſelf, it is becauſe he is perſonally attack'd.—Every man who is put on his defence, muſt do the ſame. In the courſe of his defence he will hold up the hiſtorical mirror.

If it reflects any ſpecks on the faces of ſome who may behold it, let them attribute their deformity to themſelves.—Truths ſhall guide my pen, and the hiſtorian muſt be impartial.

If I enter more deeply into the ſubject than I firſt intended, it is in order to ſhew by every proof which moral evidence can afford, that the Catholics of this kingdom could not form any deſign againſt either church or ſtate, as has been maliciouſly inſinuated in ſeveral Pamphlets. The Biſhop of Cloyne has given the profile. I ſhall draw the face in full.

Mr. O'LEARY's

DEFENCE.

THE unprovok'd attack made on my character was for a long time a myſtery to others as well as to myſelf. The peruſal of ſeveral pamphlets at length enabled me to unfold it. The murmurs of the lower orders againſt proctors and tithe-canters induced the authors of ſeveral publications (ſome of them were beneficed clergymen) to wiſh for ſome other mode of ſupporting the clergy, leſs oppreſſive to the poor than the collection of tithes attended with continual litigations, but equally advantageous to the clerical profeſſion, and more honourable, as it would remove every occaſion of diſpute between paſtors and their pariſhioners. This plan, however countenanced by the ableſt men in England, and by many ſenſible men of the eſtabliſhed church in Ireland, made Theophilus *mad*, and the Biſhop of Cloyne *ſomewhat angry*. The alarm bell was rung by Theophilus,

and the preſſes began to teem with the Biſhop's pamphlets. Some batteries were to be erected to defend the uſual mode of collecting tithes. And on the walls of the church was planted the *ruſty* cannon of popery to *fire*, and give notice of the approach of the enemy. It was laid down as a maxim, that in the Catholic church the clergy enforce the payment of tithes *jura divino* * ; and that the clergy of the church of Rome would reſume the tithes with the *aſſiſtance of foreign powers*. This maſterpiece of *generalſhip* (if I may uſe a word which I cannot find in Johnſon's Dictionary) ſucceeded. What Lord Clarendon ſaid of the reign of Charles the Firſt was verified in eighty-ſeven. *The Papiſts were the moſt common place, and the butt againſt which all the arrows were directed.* Ghilinis's letter and the Biſhop's conſecration-oath were rouſed from their duſty pillows, and ſtripped of their long Roman dreſs were introduced into every circle in an Engliſh garb. The arrival of thoſe foreigners alarmed ſeveral on their *firſt appearance* as much (*and with as much reaſon*) as the tidings of the arrival of eight hundred Jeſuits mounted on dromedaries, alarmed the citizens of London in the reign of Charles the Second, though the meſſenger who frightened others knew that he was ſecure from the danger.

It happened that in order to reclaim by reaſon people who had ſhaken off the yoke of authority, I told the white-boys that *if they had grievances to complain of, the legiſlature alone was competent to redreſs them; informing them at the ſame time that no power on earth would permit any ſet of men to overturn eſtabliſhed laws by private authority* †. The word *griev-*

* See Theophilus.

† The letters may be ſeen in the Appendix.

ances-

ances alarmed the Biſhop, for reaſons unknown to me, but beſt known to himſelf. This was the ſignal for war, as if my conduct and writings had been incentives to *ſedition*. Every advantage was taken of me. But it is now time to repel force by force, and to recover the ground of which my aggreſſors have taken poſſeſſion during my careleſs inactivity.

Pray, then, my Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, and you Theophilus, whoſe mouth, like that of Palinurus, is better qualified for *blowing that trumpet* which you have thruſt into mine, *tuba ciere viros martemque accendere cantu*. On what ground can you bring the charge againſt Mr. O'Leary? Can you ground it on my writings? You have garbled them; you have mangled them; you had models to copy after. And imitation is no bad help. A man attempted once to deny the reſurrection by the ſame texts that eſtabliſh the belief of it. He ſucceeded by adding a monoſyllable, and placing a point of interrogation in the room of a full ſtop, and tranſpoſing a word. The text runs thus:—*Surrexit. Non eſt hic. He is riſen. He is not here.* The literary magician got rid of the difficulty by punctuating and tranſpoſing the words in the following manner:—*Surrexit ne? Non. Eſt hic. Is he riſen? No. He is here.* There is ingenuity. And by his ſkill in *mangling phraſes* the Biſhop of Cloyne changes *the way of the croſs is the road to the crown*, into SEDITION.

When I come to the vindication of my writings, I ſhall ſhew more of the Biſhop's ingenuity in ſcattering limbs, which I ſhall reſtore to their proper places. Doctor Woodward and I live in the ſame county. Can he ſtand forth, and arraign my conduct?

The

The diſturbances took their riſe in the dioceſe of Cloyne, about the month of September, 1785. I never had been in that dioceſe but twice on a viſit to Mr. Roche of Trabulgan, who, about two years before the diſturbances had retired to Naples for the benefit of his health. I had no acquaintances in the dioceſe of Cloyne, except the Proteſtant and Catholic gentlemen of conſequence. And however great my eſteem for, and the confidence I repoſe in them, I am not ſo diveſted of common ſenſe as to put myſelf in their power; it would be the means of loſing their eſteem.—Want of prudence, ſays Lord Littleton, is oftentimes want of virtue. And I would forfeit my claim to both, if I urged a deluded multitude to their deſtruction by encouraging them to fly in the face of eſtabliſhed laws, and to deprive any perſon of the property ſecured to him by the ſtate. For whom does the Biſhop of Cloyne take me then, when, in his Poſtſcript, interlarded with the garbled paſſages of my addreſſes, he throws out inſinuations ſo injurious to my character, and attempts to palliate and extenuate thoſe inſinuations under the thin gauze of a ſalvo; I do not ſay *that the reverend author intends* to ſow ſedition, *but* if ſuch *were his deſign?* * Will any man of ſenſe be ſatisfied with the excuſe of a monoſyllable *but* or *if?* I am not acquainted with the lower claſſes in his dioceſe, though they know me from character, as a man more inclined to lead them into the path of ſubordination and peace, than *to goad them to madneſs.*

I have renounced every claim to tithes by my ſacred vows. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne then may reſt ſatisfied that I never *intended to ſow ſedi-*

* Biſhop of Cloyne's Pamphlet, p. 106.

tion

tion from a rapacious view to his eccleſiaſtical revenues, and that I can frankly ſay with parſon Adams to his brother Trulliber, in Fielding's Joſeph Andrews, *Nihil habeo cum porcis. I have no call to your tithe Pigs.*

The Biſhop and the public muſt then acknowledge that I was in no manner whatever intereſted in tithes, much leſs in fomenting riots and diſorders. But common ſenſe and prudence muſt acknowledge, that a perſon in my ſituation could not with propriety ſtand by as an indifferent ſpectator of tumults and diſorders which threaten'd the peace of the community, and which I well foreſaw would be conſtrued by malevolence into a *Popiſh confederacy* againſt the ſtate, as Theophilus has ſince conſtrued it. Neither does the Biſhop of Cloyne contradict him in the ſhort and partial account he has given in his pamphlet of riſings which he attributes to a *Popiſh mob.*

From one pariſh in the dioceſe of Cloyne, the diſturbances began to ſpread to another, and as bad example ſeldom ends where it firſt began, the contagion at laſt reach'd the borders of the dioceſe of Cork; and as a gangrene that eats its way from the extremities of the body to the very vitals.——Captain Right's proclamations made their way to the very heart of the city, about five months after they had been publiſh'd in the dioceſe of Cloyne. On a Sunday morning a ſeditious notice was poſted (and breathing nothing but a downright diſreſpect to the clergy) on the gate of the pariſh chapel, inviting ſuch as found themſelves oppreſs'd by *pamper'd Theologians*, whoſe *God was their belly, and whoſe religion was a hogſhead of wine*, (the very words of the notice) to meet at an appointed hour in order to regulate their *pittance according to the Goſpel rule.*

That

That very day I was going on buſineſs to the country, when to my ſurpriſe I met with numbers of common people reading a ſimilar nótice paſted up againſt the gate of my own chapel.—*Was it meddling with the politics of this Proteſtant country*, as the Biſhop of Cloyne's favourite Theophilus upbraids me, to make war upon diſorder and licentiouſneſs? Or is it becauſe the Biſhop of Cloyne was ſilent and paſſive during the tumults which had changed his dioceſe into a ſcene of diſorder and anarchy, that I ſhould be ſilenced by the clamour of ſedition ſounding the trumpet at the threſhold of my chapel? I defer'd my excurſion, and at every congregation from eight to one o'clock, I enlarged upon the ſcandal and impropriety of ſuch proceedings, pointed out to the common people the danger to which they expoſed themſelves, the confuſion in which they were involving the community; and made uſe of the moſt perſuaſive arguments in my power to reclaim them to their duty. If I deſerv'd to be compar'd to any illuſtrious character, it is not to Mark Antony working upon the paſſions of the multitude, in order to arm againſt Brutus and his confederates, that the Biſhop of Cloyne ſhould have compared me. If he intended a compliment, and wiſh'd to tempt my vanity, of becoming *a boaſter*, he ſhould have compar'd me rather to Junius Bleſus appeaſing the Pannonian legions, who had been urged to revolt againſt their officers by a common ſoldier call'd Perſennius, *the Captain Right of his days*.

I thought it my duty both as a loyal ſubject, a clergy-man, and a member of civil ſociety, to contribute to the preſervation of publick order, and to guard deluded multitudes againſt deſtruction, to the utmoſt of my power.

The

The honour and intereſt of the Catholic body, often miſrepreſented, and become the theme of ſcurrilous or fanatical writers, were further incentives to my zeal. I recollected the unmerited abuſe given for a long time in the papers to the Catholics, becauſe ſeventeen houſe-keepers in Dublin had unguardedly ſigned a requiſition to the High-Sheriff for the purpoſe of convening an aggregate meeting relative to a parliamentary reform: tho' I am confident the ſeventeen knew as little about the impropriety of their ſigning that requiſition, and foreſaw as little the offence it would give, as the High Sheriff himſelf foreſaw that he would be attached by the Court of King's-Bench. And as to the Catholics, in their diſqualified ſituation, they could not with either prudence or propriety follow any other line but that of a ſtrict neutrality in a political queſtion, on which neither the friends nor opponents of a parliamentary reform would acknowledge them competent to determine. I had moreover in my very *recent* recollection, the falſe alarm rung all over Ireland and Great-Britain, on the occaſion of Mr. O'Connor, whoſe lineal deſcent from Roderick O'Connor, the laſt monarch of the Mileſian race, in the reign of Henry the Second, was publiſhed in the papers; the formidable forces of that claimant to the royalties of his anceſtors; forces which a member in the Houſe of Commons affirmed to amount to a thouſand, but which, ſoon after, in the Engliſh papers, were increaſed to eighteen thouſand well diſciplined men; another member's declaration in the Senate, that the Proteſtant intereſt was *now at ſtake*, and that he would ſtand forth its *champion*; and the conſequent challenge made on the Miniſter of State to know if government had marched the army againſt *King O'Connor*.

When I recollected a private gentleman, at the head of a few ſervants armed with ſpades and clubs, keeping poſſeſſion of a litigated ſpot of land, confirmed to him afterwards by a decree of the Courts of Juſtice: when I recollected this gentleman *enlarged* into a mighty monarch, through the magnifying glaſs of miſrepreſentation, I had every room to apprehend that the enemies of the Catholics would miſrepreſent them to government, according to their *uſual cuſtom*, and that the *quarrel* between the peaſant and the proctor for a baſket of potatoes, would be miſconſtrued into a ſtruggle between the king and the ſubject, for the jewels of the crown. The nobility and gentry of Ireland are now convinced that my conjectures and apprehenſions were not groundleſs, when they read the ſlanders of Theophilus, and the pamphlet publiſhed by Doctor Woodward.

If I were allowed the liberty of uſing a metaphor, wild and extravagant indeed as to the manner of the expreſſion, but natural enough as far as it may convey my meaning, I could ſay, that my apprehenſions on ſimilar occaſions were not the fruit of fancy. They are the natural growth of the county of Cork, and vegetate in *that very* ſoil.—In that county Machiavel's maxim, *divide and govern*, has been followed for many years, and the plan for changing the pretended dangers of *Popery* into ſo many ſteps of the political ladder whereby to aſcend to power and conſequence, had been for many years invariably purſued. The Catholics, excluded from the ſenate and councils of the nation, could not be known to every Engliſh nobleman who came here to manage the reins of adminiſtration, during a temporary reſidence. Chance may bring him acquainted with ſome individuals, but he muſt be a ſtranger to the real ſtate and princi-

ples.

ples of the body at large. The Catholics then could not be known to government but in the colours in which thoſe perſons painted them. And from ſuch political limners, a juſt reſemblance between the picture and the original could not be expected.

Hence in the county of Cork ſcarce could Catholics breathe until the adminiſtration of the Earl of Halifax and Lord Townſhend, who upon a cloſer inveſtigation into their caſe, removed the film with which the miſrepreſentations of intereſted men had overſpread the eyes of former rulers. I had then juſt grounds to apprehend that the diſorders of a motley groupe of inſurgents would be made out a *Popiſh confederacy*; and I know that the ſilence of a man who ſtood forth for his country, in the ſight I may ſay of the enemy, and who has as much influence as any individual in his ſtation, would give a colourable ſanction to the accuſation. Nor (however plain and ſimple in other reſpects) was I ſo unexperienced in life, or ignorant of the events which had happened in this kingdom, as to put myſelf in the power of my enemies, or expoſe myſelf to the rigour of the law, by a ſeditious conduct. I learned wiſdom from the folly of others; and if I were inclined to be ſeditious, I knew that it was not my intereſt to give my inclinations their exertion or energy. In foreign countries I had read much about the Whiteboys in Ireland, and on my arrival in the kingdom, I collected every information in my power, in order to be acquainted with the hiſtory of my country.

The firſt paper I read after landing in Cork, was the dying ſpeech of Buck Sheehy and others, who had been executed for Whiteboyiſm at Clogheen. In their ſpeech they declared that their lives

were offered them on condition that they would ſwear againſt ſeveral Catholic gentlemen as confederates and abettors of Whiteboys. And who would not paſs for a Whiteboy at that time, when one of the moſt inoffenſive men on earth, Doctor Mc. Kenna, the preſent Titular Biſhop of Cloyne, was eſcorted under a ſtrong guard, on *a pretended* ſuſpicion of being an inſurgent. I read of Nicholas Sheehy's fate, with which the illiberal Theophilus threatens me, and learned that a Catholic clergyman in all places, but eſpecially here, ſhould confine himſelf to the line of his duty, by enforcing morality and ſubordination to the laws. That unfortunate man was tried before the Court of King's Bench, for Whiteboyiſm, and was acquitted. Sheehy, whoſe blood his enemies thirſted for, is at laſt indicted for the murder of one Bridges, a man of no good character, whoſe *dead body* could not be found, but whoſe *living body* (if report be true) was afterwards ſeen in Newfoundland. The dead bodies of rogues who had been *murdered* in one kingdom, had been afterwards ſeen *living bodies* in another, as ſo many enchanted dragons, watching the Heſperian Gardens of the temple of Venus, alias *bullies to a brothel*. That this was Bridges's caſe I cannot affirm, but for the reſt, the hiſtory of the kingdom is my voucher.* Sheehy, on hearing that a proclamation was iſſued againſt, and a reward offered for apprehending him, wrote to the Secretary of the Chief Governor, that to ſpare government the expences he would give himſelf up, on condition that he would not be tried in Clonmel, where he ſaid his enemies were too powerful: a promiſe founded on juſtice was made,

* See the Continuation of Curry's Memoirs of the Civil Wars of Ireland.

though

though it was never performed. He was ſent to take his trial at Clonmel, where he was found guilty upon the evidence of the ſame identical witneſſes whoſe teſtimony had been rejected before by the Court of King's-Bench, *viz.* a naughty boy, a lewd woman, and an impeached thief, taken out of Clonmel jail. Hence Sheehy's jury is become as proverbial in Ireland as the ancient juſticiaries of Donfront, in Normandy, who uſed to hang regularly at the hour of one every priſoner who had been tried at twelve.

Allez a Donfront, juſte ville de malheur,
Où bon eſt accuſé a midi, et pendu à une heure.

Under the impreſſions which ſuch ſingular events muſt make on the mind, and in the delicacy of the clerical ſituation, who could ſuſpect that any Catholic clergyman would blow the trumpet of ſedition in the ears of a deluded peaſantry? Or has the Biſhop, like Socrates, a ſimilar ſpirit to give him information which no mortal beſides himſelf can pretend to? But reſerving the diſcuſſion of ſuch an accuſation for its proper place, I muſt proceed in the courſe of my narrative.

The aſſociations were now extending, and a notice poſted up againſt the gates of pariſh churches and chapels was a kind of ſtandard to which all parties, without diſtinction of religion, flocked, and entered into a general confederacy. For the public are not to form their judgment of the diſturbances from the mad declamation of a Theophilus, nor the imperfect one given by the Biſhop of Cloyne. The firſt is a bare-faced ſlanderer. The Biſhop gives the profile of the picture, in entirely ſhadowing the other ſide of the face, by making out the inſurgents a *popiſh mob, connived at by ſome Proteſtants*, without mentioning the effectual and active

active concurrence of any. The unprovoked and unmerited attack made on Mr. O'Leary, by the right reverend prelate and his leſs reverend confederate, has forced the pencil into his hand, and now compels him to draw the picture with a full face. The notice alluded to is to the following purport. " You are hereby cautioned not to pay " miniſters tithes, only in the following manner, " *viz.* potatoes 4*s.* per acre; wheat and barley " 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre; oats and meadows 1*s.* per acre. " Roman Catholic clergy to receive for marriage " 5*s.* for baptiſm 1*s.* 6*d.* for anointing and viſiting " the ſick 1*s.* for maſs 1*s.* for confeſſion 6*d.* You " are hereby warned not to pay pariſh-prieſts " clerks money, nor any other dues concerning " marriages. Be all ſure not to go to any expen- " ces at your confeſſion terms, but let them par- " take of your own fare."

This notice, which I cenſured, as may be ſeen in my letters, ſeemed moderate however to many acquainted with the diſtreſſes of the poor. In vain has the Biſhop of Cloyne attempted to juſtify *proctors, tithe-canters, tithe-jobbers,* &c. by declaring them to be *agents to the clergy, equally neceſſary as receivers to lay-gentlemen.* The general voice is againſt them. Moreover, the compariſon does not hold. The gentleman's agent only collects the rent at the expence of his employer; the tenants pay the determined ſum agreed on by the leaſe, and if his farm ſhould produce a hundred fold every year, he pays neither more nor leſs until his leaſe expires. But theſe *eccleſiaſtical agents,* of whom the Biſhop becomes the apologiſt, are ſo many locuſts, that eat up the peaſant's green herbage without feeding the wind that wafts them. Several inſtances could be produced to prove that they gain more than their employers, whilſt they diſtreſs the cottager,

cottager. When the potatoe-ſtalk begins to ſhoot to a certain diſtance above the ſurface of the earth, the ſharp-eyed lynx ſurveys it in the *name of God and of our holy mother the church.* On the ſpot where the ſtalks crowd together *thick and threefold*, in order to *diſcriminate the ranks* and to *avoid confuſion*, the proctor's hand rears a land-mark. *Doctor Woodward* thinks it a duty of a *head paſtor* to appoint *agents well qualified for preſerving order.* The hungry peaſant whoſe teeth water for the vegetable he had ſown and reared up from its *infant* ſtate, wiſhes to try its quality; but if he approaches within a certain diſtance of the fatal land-mark, he is ſure to ſhare the fate of the benighted mariner, who approaches thoſe hoſtile ſhores, when allured by the falſe lights held out to decoy him to the rock, on which he is to be ſhipwrecked. The Biſhop's-court is the ſtrand on which the proctor gathers the ſpoils. It is not, I acknowledge, the fault of the inſtitution, nor of the gentlemen who preſide in the courts; but it is the misfortune of the peaſant, who has neither means nor ſkill to cope with thoſe *agents*, who are adepts in their profeſſions. From many inſtances of the abuſe made of the authority of thoſe courts by crafty *agents*, I ſhall ſelect one. In the province where Doctor Woodward and I reſide, and now the theatre of *pamphlets* and *politics*, there lived a poor peaſant; his poverty had not deprived him of thoſe qualities which conſtituted a huſband and a father; to him a child was born, who did not live long enough to enjoy his father's eſtate; he died; and for want of a ſhilling to purchaſe the hallowed ground wherein to depoſit the *defunct* heir of an opulent fortune, the father rolled him up in a bundle of ſtraw, and ſmuggled him into the church-yard in the dead of night. Happy! thrice happy! had he met on that

that fatal night with a cuſtom-houſe officer. He would have eſcaped with the contraband goods. But alas! his deſtiny was to meet with one of thoſe officers who have recourſe to what the *moderator* calls the *Court Chriſtian.* A decree (whether real or fictitious I cannot tell) from the Biſhop's-court was produced by the carrion-hunter and another, who were hurrying away the peaſant, fainting after a violent reſiſtance. Luckily he was met by an intimate friend of mine, who releaſed him by paying the *charnel-houſe fees.*

Theſe anecdotes I relate to ſhew that, notwithſtanding Doctor Woodward's zeal in defence of what he writes in favour of eccleſiaſtical agents, they are oppreſſive, and impoſe both on Biſhops-courts and their employers. I do not ſay, that they do it with their conſent. Far be it from me. It was againſt the Prophet's will that his ſervant received preſents from Naaman the Aſſyrian officer. And it is againſt the clergy's conſent that their *agents* are vexatious to the poor. But there is this difference between the Biſhop and the Prophet: The latter ſtruck his *agent* with the leproſy: the Biſhop of Cloyne ſpins out a chapter of his pamphlet to ſhew that his *agents are immaculate.* I ſhall then join the *moderator* in his litany, *From ſuch agents good Lord deliver us!* In pariſhes where the rectors took the tithes into their own hands, it is acknowledged that the clergyman has received much more than ever he did through the mediation of ſuch *agents*, beſides the additional comfort of ſeeing peace, harmony and confidence reſtored to his diſtrict. It is not my buſineſs to make calculations, nor is it a part of my duty to run over pariſhes in order to know how far a wretched peaſant may be relieved by the removal of a relentleſs agent, who, like a denſe cloud, intercepts the rays of

of benignity, which would certainly chear him by a more immediate communication with a clergyman, whoſe miniſtry is peace, and whoſe duty is charity. I only glance at ſuch matters as far as they are interwoven with a ſubject which it is my duty to illuſtrate, in order to vindicate both the Catholic body and myſelf from the falſe and groundleſs imputation of attempting the overthrow of the eſtabliſhed religion, by encroaching upon the rights of its clergy.

The *ſupineneſs* with which the Biſhop of Cloyne upbraids the Proteſtant gentlemen, ſhews that the lower claſſes were truly miſerable, and that their table of rates was only proportioned to their circumſtances. That they are miſerable all parties agree. This *ſupineneſs* alſo ſhews that the Proteſtant nobility and gentry were under no apprehenſion of the conſtitution, either in church or ſtate. Neither was the Biſhop of Cloyne; otherwiſe he, who is one of the pilots, would not have ſlept for the ſpace of fifteen months at the helm, if he really foreſaw that the ſhip was in danger of going to the bottom; though he now alarms three kingdoms with the danger to the eſtabliſhed church from Catholics and Diſſenters, *pulling down and raiſing up*. But the Catholic nobility and gentry foreſaw, from the reaſons I have already alledged, that they would be miſrepreſented to Government, and that the old game of *popiſh plots and confederacies* would be renewed. They had moreover their properties to defend, and their character to ſupport. As men and ſubjects they were as much intereſted as others in the preſervation of the peace of ſociety. And the hiſtory of a country where their anceſtors ſwayed for ages the ſceptre of authority, informed them that, in the ſucceſſive revolutions occaſioned either by brave and fortunate aſpirers, or by

timid, ductile and unfortunate kings, the Catholics have been invariably the losers. The Bishop of Cloyne then must be a stranger to the passions of the heart, of which *interest* has so strong a hold; or unacquainted with the history of the kingdom; or under a very strong bias; or prepossessed with a strange notion of their stupidity—if he supposes they had any thing to expect by the commotions of a rabble. If Government however had been induced to believe that they had such prospects in view, and mistaken the shadow for the reality, the Catholics would have become equally obnoxious. And what efforts are now making to persuade Government that phantoms are realities, let the public judge from the pamphlets dispersed over the three kingdoms. The fox in the fable did well to take to his heels when the lion issued a proclamation, ordering all the horned beasts to quit the forest. And although no branches sprouted from his head, yet his remark was wise when he said, *What if his majesty thought I had horns.* It was then prudent in the Catholic gentlemen to have taken the most effectual steps to remove every suspicion to which their *misrepresenters* are so industrious in laying them open. They were the first to take the alarm. They transmitted an address to Government thro' the Secretary of State. On hearing that the common people complained in a few places of the exactions and rigorous conduct of their parochial clergy, they were the first to interfere in writing to the Catholic prelates of the province, pressing them in the most earnest manner to enquire into the conduct of their clergy, and to remove, by every means their wisdom could suggest, any cause of complaint, and every occasion of obloquy.

The application could not be made to properer persons than to prelates, whose lives are so many

living

living and animated ſermons; ſome of them, by their birth, titles and fortunes, would be this inſtant ſeated in the Houſe of Peers, deliberating with the nobles of the land on theſe meaſures on which the fate of a nation muſt depend, if they could leave their creed at its threſhold. Others are, by their knowledge and wiſdom, qualified for directing the councils of kings. And the piety and exemplary lives of them all would make them objects of veneration in any age, or in any nation. A letter addreſſed to theſe venerable and illuſtrious prelates, from the Catholic gentlemen, was attended to with the ſame condeſcenſion as if it were the mandate of a ſuperior. They aſſembled, deliberated, enquired into the conduct of their clergy; when, in four or five pariſhes, they diſcovered that the paſtors and flocks could not agree, either from inflexibility in the former, who perhaps thought themſelves injured by ſubmitting to regulations dictated by their inferiors, or from the obſtinacy of the latter, who would abide by no regulating ſtandard for the ſupport of their paſtors, but ſuch as they themſelves thought fit to determine; or from a perſonal diſlike, founded perhaps upon the recollection of ſevere uſage, prompted more by ardent and good-natured zeal, than by this ſage diſcretion, which attains its end by more lenient means. Let the motives of diſcontent be what they may, without having recourſe to canonical quibbles, which muſt ever be ſuperceded when the peace of ſociety interferes, the wiſe prelates removed the paſtors, and ſubſtituted others in their room. A more painful ſacrifice could not have been made; nor could a more evident proof be adduced to ſhew the falſeneſs of the infamous charge, that the ill uſage received by the Catholic paſtors from their flocks, was but a ſham battle,

like that of the Doctor, *who, when he beat his wife, ſaid that he beat half himſelf.* A ſilly ſimile, and worthy of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's *able writer* Theophilus. Not ſatisfied with giving this proof of their moſt ardent deſire for the reſtoration of peace and good order, the prelates gave the moſt public and ſignal proofs of a diſintereſtedneſs worthy of the moſt apoſtolical times. After declaring that a ſmall ſtipend was requiſite for the ſupport of their clergy, they enjoin that this ſtipend be not exacted with rigour; and that even if it be refuſed, they are not to refuſe their ſpiritual aſſiſtance, but to ſhew upon all occaſions that zeal, diſintereſtedneſs and charity enforced by the goſpel, for the ſake of which they had made an anticipated ſacrifice of all the proſpects of this life, in their early days, at the foot of the altar. No more could have been ſaid; no more could have been done. Such of their clergy as had not been forced by violence from their pariſhes, declared from their altars that it was for the ſanctification of their own ſouls and thoſe of their flocks, not for the ſake of any worldly emolument, that they took orders; that they required nothing of them but what they themſelves were willing to give, and that no mercenary views would ever hinder them from going day and night to their aſſiſtance, whilſt they had ſtrength to perform their functions. All were unanimous in crying out with the Prophet, *If it be on my account that this ſtorm is raiſed, caſt me overboard.* Are theſe the prelates whom the Biſhop of Cloyne expoſes to the deteſtation of ſuch as cannot explain their conſecration oath, which he has tranſlated, in his ſixth edition, into Engliſh, for the *inſtruction of the ignorant?* For I am to ſuppoſe, he preſumes that the Peers and Commons of Ireland know Latin.

Let

Let the zeal, activity, and diſintereſtedneſs of thoſe prelates be compared with the paſſive ſilence of the Biſhop of Cloyne for the ſpace of fifteen months. And let the public determine to whom the community is moſt indebted, for endeavouring to reſtore peace and order to a diſtracted province.

Where are now thoſe *agitating friars and Romiſh miſſionaries ſent here to ſow ſedition?* and of whom Doctor *Woodward* ſpeaks in his Poſtſcript? I challenge him in the face of the kingdom to produce either *agitating friar*, or *Romiſh miſſionary*, or *pariſh prieſt ſent here to ſow ſedition*, or who has *ſown ſedition*. The Biſhop of Cloyne cannot produce one. He muſt then *prove a negative*, which, in his Poſtſcript in extenuation of Theophilus's ſlanders, he acknowledges *hard to be proved*. The Biſhop perceiving that *negatives* are no proofs, has a recourſe to *caſual affirmations*, by ſaying, *perhaps Theophilus alludes to Mr. O'Leary's Letters*, &c. Here the attack is perſonal on *Mr. O'Leary*, the friar with a barbarous *ſirname*, whoſe letters are moſt *artfully contrived to ſow ſedition*. Such a heavy charge requires a full inveſtigation, and muſt plead my apology with my readers for proceeding farther in my defence. Previous to the arrival of the Catholic prelates in Cork, we were continually alarmed with the inſurrections in the dioceſe of Cloyne.—They ſpread gradually, and, as I remarked before, Captain Right's proclamations were at laſt poſted up againſt the gates of the chapels of that city. *Tithes, proctors and prieſts dues*, were alledged as cauſes of complaint, and became the ſubject of general converſation.

The common people who, in times of perſecution uſed to follow their clergy into receſſes of foreſts, to hear their prayers and inſtructions, nailed

up

up chapels in ſome places againſt their paſtors in the very blaze of toleration. The diſorders which would ariſe from ſuch proceedings were eaſily foreſeen; and it was requiſite that ſome perſons ſhould ſtep forth to ſtem the torrent. Doctor Mann, the Proteſtant Biſhop of Cork, was abſent for the benefit of his health. The Catholic Biſhop of the ſame dioceſe, the preſent Lord Dunboyne, had been under the neceſſity of going to Dublin on the death of the young Lord Dunboyne, his nephew, before the diſturbances broke out in the dioceſe of Cork. The titular Biſhop of Cloyne, Doctor M'Kenna, was ſinking under the weight of years, and ignorant of what happened in his diſtrict. And Doctor Woodward, who had the adminiſtration of the two dioceſes, was taken up with rummaging pontificals and other old books, in order to collect materials for his pamphlet, whilſt the Catholic peaſantry were flocking to his churches, and the lower orders of the Proteſtants going on Sundays to meet the Catholic congregations in his dioceſe, in order to ſwear the people and give ſolidity to the confederacy in ſupport of the regulations of Captain Right; the head paſtors being either abſent, or infirm, or inactive, and the flocks daily maddening, who was to be applied to? Or will the Biſhop of Cloyne controvert the maxim, *that in danger every perſon is a ſoldier*. The Catholic gentlemen inſtead of thinking of a confederacy againſt either church or ſtate, with the aſſiſtance of a *foreign power*, which ſo often haunts the Biſhop's imagination, dreaded that it was rather a confederacy againſt themſelves, by affording ſuch politicians as are hoſtile to their intereſt, an opportunity of miſrepreſenting them to Government. In conſequence, after writing to Lord Dunboyne, preſſing his return as ſoon as conveniently poſſible, they deputed five or ſix gentlemen

men to the Catholic Biſhop of Cloyne, earneſtly requeſting of him to enquire into the complaints alledged by ſome pariſhes in his dioceſe, to uſe his efforts with the people of his perſuaſion, in order to reclaim them to their duty, and to remove every pretext for aſperſing the Catholic body, as far as his influence could extend.

Unable from age and infirmity to go in perſon, he requeſted of me to take an excurſion into the diſcontented pariſhes. I ſet off in order to allay the tumults in the dioceſe of Cloyne, the firſt in the county where they broke out. Here an extraordinary ſight was exhibited. The common people deluded into a belief that by going to Church for a few Sundays they would be leſs liable to puniſhment, if not entirely exempt from it; and authoriſed to carry arms in conjunction with the lower claſſes of Proteſtants, to whom *Proctors*, *Tithe-jobbers*, and *the Tithes* themſelves had become equally obnoxious, under this deluſion they flocked in ſeveral places to the Churches, and as they had not David's Pſalms in metre, they choſe the old ballad *of Patrick's Day in the Morning*, for an Anthem, and got a piper to play it as a voluntary on his favourite Organ, as a preparation for divine ſervice, in approaching the houſe of worſhip. The Marriage of Figaro repreſented on the French Stage did not raiſe more humour, nor attract more ſpectators, than did their extraordinary marriage of the Paddereen and the Common Prayer-book, in the dioceſe of Cloyne. Iriſh wives are remarkably attached to their huſbands, and follow them wherever they go. Upon this occaſion they gave ſignal proofs of the conſtancy of their attachment. Joan followed Darby, and Judy followed Paddy to Church, where the gay and unthinking were highly

highly diverted with the novel ſpectacle of hands thruſt into the Baptiſmal font, in order to ſprinkle about the *holy water*, and beads drawn out near the Communion-table to reckon the *Ave Marias*. To the gay and unthinking it was like an after-piece which creates humour, in order to relieve the mind from the impreſſions of terror and pity, which it had received during the repreſentation of ſome ſerious drama. To me it appeared as a prelude to a tragedy.—It ſtruck the ſerious and ſenſible gentlemen of both religions in the ſame light.

I was happy in an extenſive acquaintance, and ſtill more happy that the Proteſtant gentlemen were convinced of the uprightneſs of my intentions. My ſituation was delicate, and without their concurrence my endeavours would have proved abortive.

They had previous notice of my arrival in their reſpective diſtricts through which I intended to paſs; and I was happy in the full aſſurance of their co-operation. On a Sunday I arrived in a pariſh of Doctor Woodward's dioceſes.—The pariſh Chapel was quite deſerted. The Prieſt was "abandon'd by his flock," and the deluded multitude, lull'd into a falſe ſecurity, had crowded to the Proteſtant Church as to an aſylum of impunity.—Thus in former times when the privilege of the ſanctuary was pleaded, malefactors flocked to the temples as a ſhelter againſt the purſuits of violated juſtice —I conſidered a crowd of peaſants actuated by reſentment, brooding over ſome wild ſcheme, preparing for nightly excurſions; yet ſaying their beads up near the Communion-table, I conſider'd them as *the abomination of deſolation in the holy place*, as mentioned by the Prophet Daniel. In every bead I figured to myſelf the warhoop of a Mexican,

a Mexican, ready to ſound the nocturnal charge; or the maſſy club of an Indian, ſoon to be ornamented with a Proctor's ſcalp.

I muſt do this juſtice to the Proteſtant clergy, in whoſe churches this religious farce was carried on, that they did not like ſuch proceedings.—They in reality could have ſaid with the Pſalmiſt, *You have multiplied the people, but you have not encreaſed our joy. Multiplicaſti gent em ſed non magnificaſti lætitiam.* But what could they have done? They had no directions from Doctor Woodward to ſhut the doors of the churches againſt people who had ſhaken off every ſubordination to their own paſtors. But that was the time for the Biſhop himſelf to appear, *in my poor opinion*, " (and " which was however the opinion of every rati-" onal man with whom I have convers'd on the " ſubject,") (and which will be the opinion of every rational man who ſhall read this narrative) he ſhould have publiſhed a paſtoral letter upon the occaſion, and recommended to his clergy not to permit their houſes of worſhip to be changed into the upper galleries, crowded with a mobility, aſſembled for the purpoſe of making a farce of religion.

Had I been in his ſituation at the time, inſtead of *tali auxilio nec defenſoribus iſtis*, I would have thought it no diſhonour to ſtand at the door of the Church, on the right hand of Mr. O'Leary, and to harangue a deluded multitude in the following manner:

" My good people,

" I am a Proteſtant Biſhop, and you (as it ap-" pears) are Roman Catholics. It would be my " glory, my comfort and joy to bring all ſtrayed

" ſheep into my fold, to enlighten them with the
" rays of the goſpel, to diſpel the clouds of error,
" and to enlarge the kingdom of truth. It is my
" wiſh, and my ſincere wiſh;—it is the wiſh of
" every honeſt man who thinks himſelf in the right
" way, to wiſh the ſame happineſs to his fellow-
" creature. It was the wiſh of Saint Paul that his
" hearers were not *almoſt Chriſtians, but altogether*
" *Chriſtians.* And it is my wiſh that you were not
" only almoſt Proteſtants of the High-church, but
" altogether Proteſtants of the High-church. It
" is the wiſh of charity, and if charity were baniſh-
" ed from the hearts of all other mortals, it ſhould
" find its laſt retreat *in the heart of a* BISHOP.——
" Were I then convinced of the ſincerity of your
" motives, I would be not only the firſt to unlock
" the gates of this church, in order to give you
" admittance, but I would be the firſt to go to meet
" you at a diſtance. But as a bad motive pollutes
" the beſt of actions, and as it is not from convic-
" tion of truth, nor a deſire to aſpire to a higher
" degree of perfection, that you crowd about my
" houſe of worſhip, but from a ſiniſter deſign to
" ſeek impunity for licentiouſneſs; and under the
" cloak of a religion, which you do not believe, to
" conceal the outrages you are intent on commit-
" ting; I cannot, in conſcience, profane the houſe
" of God by the admiſſion of perſons who, per-
" haps, to-morrow night, will be diſturbing the
" peace of the public, and eluding laws in the dark,
" which, in all likelihood, will hereafter puniſh
" them in the open day; and remind them when
" too late of the admonition which I now give from
" the beſt of intentions. It is not the chime of my
" bells, but the ſound of Captain Right's horn,
" that has kindled in your breaſts this flame of ex-
" traordinary devotion, which, perhaps hereafter,

" may

" may be extinguiſhed with your blood. Will you
" have me change the houſe of God into a barrack
" of ſedition? I ſee in that crowd an old man,
" with a pair of beads in his hands. My good man,
" where are you bringing your beads? Do you
" intend to expoſe yourſelf and me, religion and
" its temples, to the deriſion of the public? If
" you come, come from conviction, and leave your
" beads at home, or beſtow them to another. It
" reminds me of a hiſtory that I read in the Scrip-
" tures. Aſſyrian coloniſts were tranſplanted to
" Samaria; they worſhipped their idols and the
" God of Iſrael by turns in the ſame temple —
" It is not then a houſe of worſhip, but a good
" life, that will ſanctify you. Inſtil this truth in
" the minds of the young people in your neigh-
" bourhood, and caution them againſt the practices
" of thoſe who may engage them in outrages. If
" you are not ſubmiſſive to your own paſtors, but
" obſtinate to their advice, what good can I expect
" from you. You are, I believe now too old to
" learn, and the generality of you all, are not
" much inclined to alter your creeds.—I give you
" then the advice ſuggeſted by an amiable Proteſ-
" tant Prelate, my brother Biſhop of Clonfert, in
" his letter on Sunday Schools. I CANNOT EX-
" PECT TO MAKE GOOD PROTESTANTS OF YOU,
" THEREFORE I ADVISE YOU TO BE GOOD CA-
" THOLICS. If you have any complaints againſt
" your own clergy, your Biſhops will redreſs them.
" But I cannot, nor will I permit you to come
" to my churches to erect the ſtandard of ſedition,
" when I have every room to believe that you
" have no other motive in view.—Nor can your-
" ſelves reap any benefit from a conduct which
" in the eyes of God is a prevarication. That
" God who unfolds the receſſes of the ſoul, who

" rejects a ſpotted victim; and accepts of no ſa-
" crifice but ſuch as a ſincere, honeſt, and pure
" heart offers upon his altars—Nor would my
" churches grant you any ſecurity againſt the ri-
" gour of the laws. The hand of juſtice ſtretches
" into the inmoſt part of the ſanctuary. In vain
" did Joab a mighty man, graſp the corner of the
" alter.—He was ſlain by the ſword of juſtice.—
" And much more, in vain would you ſeek for
" impunity in my houſe of worſhip, for the ſanc-
" tuary itſelf is no ſanction or ſhelter for crimes.—
" Follow the advice of Mr. O'Leary, who is here
" on my left hand, as you followed his advice
" when you imagined that you had more to ex-
" pect, and were convinced that you had leſs to
" loſe. And you, my dearly beloved brethren of
" my own communion, how am I to addreſs you!
" I addreſs you with that confidence which my
" zeal for the peace of ſociety, the preſervation
" of good order, and the purity of morals ſhould
" inſpire. Recollect the maxim of the Heathen
" Sage.—A maxim to which the bleſſed Saint Paul
" has given his ſanction, *Evil communication cor-*
" *rupts good morals*. Theſe poor people are wild
" olive branches going to ingraft themſelves on the
" ſtock of the Proteſtant religion in appearance.—
" But alas! as they intend to uſe it only as a cloak
" for temporary outrages, they will be ſoon diſ-
" joined without taking ſufficient time to be cicu-
" rated and mellow'd by the ſap or vital juice
" which circulates from the ſtock through the new
" inſerted branches.—You may judge of their in-
" tentions by thoſe of ſome of your own. Has
" my dioceſe ever exhibited ſuch a ſpectacle
" as was ſeen in the pariſh of Clonakilty laſt Sun-
" day? Proteſtants going to a *Popiſh* congrega-
" tion to ſwear the people to *Captain Right's* re-
gulations!

" gulations! Was it to become Catholics! No,
" neither do theſe people intend to become Pro-
" teſtants; religious diſtinctions are often loſt in
" the idea of common oppreſſion—I acknowledge
" it.—And would to God they were for ever loſt!
" The vices and virtues of all men flow in the
" ſame channels. Their hearts are the ſame, tho'
" their opinions be different; and for thoſe opini-
" ons to God alone they are accountable.—I like
" to ſee all the ſubjects of every deſcription in my
" dioceſe well united. Such an union is the
" ſtrength of the ſtate, and ſhould be the glory
" of a Prelate.—But I foreſee that thoſe mutual
" viſits will conſolidate a confederacy which the
" ſword of the laws will cut aſunder, to the indiſ-
" criminate ruin of the aſſociates. For the edge
" of that ſword has no eyes in it, and juſtice that
" handles it, is painted blind.—You all complain
" of proctors, canters and tithes. I ſhall do what
" lies in my power to remove every complaint you
" may have againſt the two firſt.—No more can be
" expected. But as to *tithes*, they are eſtabliſh-
" ed by law.—The legiſlature alone can modify
" them, or ſubſtitute an equivalent in their room.
" Wait with patience for its deciſion; and guard
" againſt proceedings which muſt hurt your tem-
" poral intereſt, and injure your conſciences.—Or
" if any of you are already engaged in the confe-
" deracy of diſorder, break the engagement of ini-
" quity, whoſe ties cannot bind the conſcience.—
" *The peace of God be with you all.*"

A diſcourſe from a perſon of Doctor Woodward's credit and authority, would have been of infinite conſequence in the beginning. Or a paſtoral letter, with an open diſcountenance of the interchange of RELIGIOUS VISITS, would have been productive of the

the moſt ſalutary effects —*Principiis obſta ſero medicina paratur*, holds good in politics as well as in phyſic.

One paſtoral letter or ſermon in eighty-five, would have been worth a thouſand pamphlets in eighty-ſeven, and few perſons are ſo well qualified for ſuch a part of the paſtoral charge as the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, had he been as intent upon the diſcharge of that office which Saint Paul enjoins on paſtors, *preach the word, be inſtant in ſeaſon*; as his lordſhip was intent on writing a pamphlet *out of ſeaſon*.

I ſhould never blame Doctor Woodward for writing a pamphlet in favour of *tithes*, which (if I am well informed,) bring him an income of eight or nine hundred a year.—But he could have written his pamphlet without reviving old controverſies, and bringing the Catholics and Diſſenters on the ſtage. Much leſs ſhould he have made a perſonal attack on Mr. O'Leary, whom he might have left unnoticed. But leaving the Biſhop in full poſſeſſion of his tithes, which to me are matters of no concern, I muſt proceed in my defence.

Convinced that the Proteſtant gentlemen who were acquainted with the uprightneſs of my intentions, were willing to co-operate with my endeavours, which had no object but the preſervation of public tranquility, when divine ſervice was over, we conferr'd together; and preſuming with reaſon that their ſemblance of religious conformity, was but a maſk which cover'd features, which when expoſed to view would not exhibit an inviting aſpect, we agreed to tear it off, and expoſe the wearers to their neighbours and themſelves. I exhorted them to my utmoſt, in the moſt perſuaſive manner, adapted to the circumſtances.—The magiſtrates explained the laws with proper comments. The people

ple recovered from their deluſion, returned peaceably to their duty, fully determined to deſiſt from thoſe dangers and romantic enterprizes, which would have proved equally deſtructive to themſelves and to the peace of the community, had not the law of God which Mr. O'Leary explained, and the law of the land explained by the civil magiſtrate, checked the progreſs of their pernicious career.

Thus, with the concurrence of the Proteſtant gentlemen and magiſtrates, have I begun my miſſion in the dioceſe of Cloyne.—*Sedition* which the *mad malevolence* has upbraided me, fled as a routed enemy before me; whilſt peace, like the inſeparable companion of a man framed by nature, and diſciplined by habit to caſt its ſhadow on every ſide, trod in my ſteps, and humour'd my motions. It embraced me ſo cloſe that the meridian ſun could not diſcover us aſunder. I challenge Doctor Woodward, or that infamous libeller Theophilus, to diſprove this aſſertion.

In the interim the Catholic prelates met in Cork, and framed thoſe regulations ſo worthy of Apoſtles, who deſpiſe the grandeurs of this fleeting world, and *of whom the world is unworthy*.—The words of Saint Paul.

Their arrival diſpenſed me with any further trouble; and after bringing on my narrative ſo far, will diſpenſe me in future with ſpeaking ſo much of myſelf.—A perſonal attack required a perſonal defence; and as my conduct has been *minutely* cenſured, I have been under the neceſſity of entering into a minute detail. My enemies or rather *the friends of tithes*, to which I have no call, have attempted to brand me with the ſtigma of *ſedition*. Whoever reads my plain unadorned narrative, without

without prejudice or partiality will wipe away the mark of infamy.

Had the Biſhop of Cloyne been as active in enforcing peace and ſubordination, as I have done, the fire which kindled in his dioceſe, would not in all appearance have extended the conflagration.—Nor is his Lordſhip to take any offence at my freedom for making this remark. I only remind him of the obligations enjoined on him at his conſecration, when he anſwered the following interrogatory. "Will you maintain and ſet forward, as "much as ſhall lie in you, quietneſs, love and "peace among all men, and ſuch as be unquiet, "diſobedient and criminous, within your dioceſe, "correct and puniſh? Anſwer. I will do ſo by the "help of God."*

God and his own conſcience can inform him how far his ſilence and inactivity have contributed to *puniſh and correct the unquiet, diſobedient, and criminous within his dioceſe*, in a manner conformable to his paſtoral charge, and to that goſpel whoſe author preached nothing but glory to God, *and peace to men, of good will on earth.* And the public are now the moſt competent to judge, how far his pamphlet has contributed *to maintain and ſet forward quietneſs, love and peace among all men.*

Had he as a paſtor gone forth among his flock, or as the Hiſtorian done juſtice to all parties, he would have diſcovered ſeveral of his own ſheep amongſt the ſpeckled flock of inſurgents, and not confine them ſolely to a *Popiſh mob.*—Were not they Proteſtants who propoſed the oaths in the congregation at Clonakilty? Were not they Proteſtants who overrun the pariſhes of Affydown,

* The Conſecration of Biſhops in the Engliſh Liturgy.

Skibbereen,

Skibbereen, &c. Were not they Proteſtants who headed a party of four hundred White-boys near Butterant? The moſt reſpectable criminals (if a criminal can be reſpectable) who were arrainged before the Judges on the Munſter circuit, were Proteſtants.—If from the county of Cork his lordſhip had taken an excurſion to the county of Kerry, he would find the truth of the aſſertion made by a gentleman who is both a clergyman and a magiſtrate, and who bears the happy character of uniting the qualities of the three orders in his perſon, the liberality of the gentleman, the charity of the clergyman, and the juſtice and uprightneſs of the magiſtrate. "Many Proteſtants (though I thank "my God, moſtly of the lower order) ſays that "gentleman, were engaged in tendering oaths, in "proceſſion by day, and in outrages by night, as "any other deſcription of men whatſoever. Nay "ſome of them were Captains of theſe lawleſs "corps, and have been obliged to fly from the "proſecution that awaited them."*

Who could have been more active in ſuppreſſing thoſe tumults than my Lord Kenmare, a Roman Catholic nobleman, the tender father of the honeſt and induſtrious tenant, and the juſt avenger of the injur'd, without any partial regard to religious diſtinctions. Could the public expect a more honourable teſtimony of his conduct, or can there be a greater proof of the contempt in which the liberal-minded of all perſuaſions hold feuds and diſcontents on the ſcore of religious creeds, than the following addreſs of thanks voted to him by the clergy of the eſtabliſh'd religion.

* Short and Civil Anſwer to a Pamphlet, intitled, "An "Addreſs to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland."

To the Right Honourable Lord Viſcount KENMARE, &c.

The Addreſs of the CLERGY, of the eſtabliſhed Church, aſſembled at Tralee.

" MY LORD,

" WE have ſeen with indignation the progreſs " of a deluſion, which affected in its object to con- " troul the laws of the realm.—From the ſpread- " ing contagion, every good citizen felt an en- " creaſing alarm; and the tranquillity of the coun- " try was ſuſpended in the fever of the times.— " You, my Lord, came forward in the criſis.— " You led the way in zeal and in vigilance; and " borrowing leſs from the ſtation you poſſeſs, than " from the eſteem you deſerve, you interpoſed, " an example which had a title to ſucceſs; by ſuch " an exertion, and by the native energy of violat- " ed juſtice, we truſt that the growing miſchief " has been effectually repelled. We owe you our " acknowledgments, and in the hour of ſubſiding " tumult, we thank you for the proſpect of repoſe. " To ſome minds there is a conſcious ſatisfaction, " which exceeds every other meaſure of reward; " yet my Lord, to the teſtimony of your own feel- " ings, you will not refuſe to join the tribute of " general applauſe.

" *Tralee, October the 4th*, 1786.

" MAURICE CROSBIE, Dean of Limerick, " and Rector of Caſtle-Iſland, &c."

Can then any man in honour or conſcience ſay with the unconſcientious Theophilus, that *the inſurgents are all Papiſts?* Or is it not a falſehood bor-

bordering upon blaſphemy,* for that ſlanderer to ſay, "That the pariſh prieſts are in a confederacy "with their flocks, in order to plunder the Proteſ-"tant clergy of their tithes, and to appropriate to "themſelves a *compenſation for abſolution.*" Theſe paſtors have ſuffered more than any in the ſhip-wreck.—Was not a Father Burke obliged to quit his pariſh, the ſame day that Archdeacon Tiſdal quited his? Were not balls fired at one Father Sheehy? Were not two clergymen, one a Secular, and the other Regular, robbed the ſame night of their wearing apparel? Another pariſh prieſt, a venerable old man, who was never charged with any extortions, and who in my own preſence, challenged his congregation to bring forward any charge againſt him, was robbed of what little he had to ſupport him in his old age, even of his very bed.—Another on ſuſpicion of having brought the army to his congregation to prevent the deluded people from ſwearing, was on the point of being torn limb by limb at his altar, had not a gentleman ſtepped forward and ſaid, that he himſelf was the perſon who had applied to the magiſtrate for the purpoſe. The gentleman himſelf narrowly eſcaped with his life, through the interpoſition of the Vicar-general, who had the preſence of mind to ſtep with the Crucifix in his hand between the gentleman and the enraged multitude, crying out to them with a loud voice, *I conjure you in the name of the God whoſe image I hold, not to pollute his altar with murder.*

Is it poſſible that a man could be ſo callous to the feelings of honour, and ſo impenetrable to the impreſſions of truth, as to obtrude on the public ſuch

* Thoſe words are not contradicted by the Biſhop.

barefaced ſlanders as Theophilus has done? Could not his zeal againſt Popery, and that unprovoked vengeance, the offspring of the Demons of night, be ſufficiently glutted with the perſecution which defenceleſs men ſuffer from their own, without blackening their character? Or could the Biſhop of Cloyne, who is preſumed not to be ignorant of tranſactions which happened both in his own and the other dioceſe committed to his care, excuſe a Theophilus in ſaying with ſuch *ſangfroid*, that an *apprehenſion for the ſafety of religion will naturally excite a warmth.* Will zeal for religion juſtify what nature and religion condemn? Or did the Biſhop of Cloyne imagine that I would be ſo diveſted of honour, or ſuch an enemy to my character, as not to caſt a light upon the ſubject, when once his pamphlet in which I am ſo cruelly treated, would fall into my hands? The inſurgents then were of every deſcription of the lower orders. They made no diſtinction between the clergy of either religion, when once they became obnoxious to them. Their creeds were different, but they all equally complained of tithes and tithe jobbers, whom the Biſhop in his great charity, calls the agents and ſervants of the clergy. I could add to the number of the perſecuted Roman Catholic clergymen of this county, ſeveral againſt whom their pariſhioners ſwore, and whoſe maſſes they have not heard, in the long ſpace of fourteen months.

There are powerful Proteſtant peers in the county of Cork: the Biſhop of Cloyne by his profeſſion is of the number.—And thoſe perſecuted, defenceleſs Roman Catholic clergymen had it not in their power to vote a grateful and well penn'd addreſs to the moſt powerful of the noblemen of the county, for their favourable and timely interpoſition, as the Proteſtant clergy had voted one to the

Catholic

Catholic Nobleman. No.—The county of Cork is the only county in Ireland, where the temporal peer attacked a ſecular prieſt with the cane; and where the ſpiritual peer has made ſo extraordinary and unprovoked an attack on a regular clergyman with the pen.

Glorious triumphs indeed! And battles worthy to be recorded in hiſtories, *written in golden characters, in paper preſerved with Cedar juice. Hiſtoriæ vere aureæ cedroque dignee.*

How far the Biſhop of Cloyne's hiſtory would deſerve ſuch an honour, may be conjectured by his account of the inſurrections, in which he enlarges on the perſecutions of the Proteſtant clergy, without mentioning a word of the ſufferings of the Catholic paſtors. He ſpeaks of a *Popiſh mob.*—But why does he not ſpeak out, and unfold the hiſtorical page, from one margin to the other?—Why does he leave ſo many blanks for me to fill up? Or as he attempted the tragedy of Oreſtes: when he placed the Proteſtant ſufferers in the front, why did not he place the Catholic ſufferers on the back of the page, and finiſh the piece? *Scriptus et intergo nectum finitus Oreſtes.* Did not the Catholic prieſt ſuffer as well as the Proteſtant miniſter, only that he had not ſo much to loſe, nor the ſame expectation of being reimburſed? Was not the Catholic farmer as ill treated as the Proteſtant? Or were there two different ſounds in *Captain Right's horn? Arms were taken out of the hands of Proteſtants* by the Biſhop's account—And I aſk him by whom? Is he ſure that the hand that wreſted them from the Proteſtants, had ever made the ſign of the croſs? Beds, cloaths and money were taken from the Catholic clergy.—Who took them from thoſe men to whom (according to the Biſhop's favourite Theophilus,) *the Catholic laity are ſlaves?*

ſlaves? I muſt however, do the Biſhop the juſtice that he aſſigns as a partial cauſe of the inſurrections "*The connivance* of ſome members of the eſta- "bliſhed church, the ſupineneſs of more, the timi- "dity of the generality of magiſtrates, a corrupt "encouragement of thoſe lawleſs acts in not a "few." I am extremely thankful to him for this figure of rhetorick, called aclimax. It is an evident confeſſion on his part, that the gentlemen of the eſtabliſhed church were under no apprehenſion of its danger, much leſs of the overthrow of the ſtate *by a Popiſh mob.* But I am doubtful whether they will be ſo thankful to him for bringing them forward as confederates in the inſurrections, by *connivance and encouragement.*—I entertain a better opinion of them. Their *ſupineneſs* then muſt have originated in a conviction that the poor cottagers and the griping tithe jobbers did not ſtand upon favourable terms with each other; and that in the conflict for a potatoe or ſheaf of corn, the Proteſtant gentlemen would not regret if the latter were worſted. They had their properties and conſequence to hazard in caſe of a revolution.—And had their imaginations been haunted with the gloomy ſpectres which Doctor Woodward now raiſes all over the kingdom, they would have been more active and vigilant; though they have not read the Roman Pontifical with that attention which Doctor Woodward has beſtowed on it, to find out the Catholic Biſhop's conſecration oath; yet common ſenſe and the knowledge of the world informed them, that there was no danger of *the Proteſtant aſcendancy*, from a *Popiſh mob, aſſiſted by a foreign power.*

When Doctor Woodward promiſed in the title page of his pamphlet, a *General Account of the Inſurrections in Munſter*, we little expected a ſhort

maſty-

martyrology of two or three pages, announcing threats *to burn new churches*, which are ſtill ſtanding, and have no elements to reſiſt but wind and rain: *Old churches to be changed into maſs-houſes*, which have not yet been ſprinkled with holy-water; *the tongues of clergymen to be cut out*, which tongues have not yet loſt their ſpring; and other alarming menaces, for which he acknowledges to have no other voucher, but *a paper he received from Cork*. Thus the boaſting poet in Horace promiſed a *mighty* deſcription of the feats and atchievements performed before the walls of Troy. *Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobele bellum.*

The mountain was in labour (ſaith the Poet) and was delivered of a mouſe.—From great promiſes of *A General Account of the Riſe and Progreſs of the Inſurrections in Munſter*, we expected mighty matters.—We expected that the dignified hiſtorian, would not be content with moiſtening the nib of his pen with a ſmall drop of ink, without going deeper into his ſtandiſh.—We had room to expect that he would lay open the ſources of information, do juſtice to all parties, and be religiouſly accurate in his deſcriptions. He talks of *a Popiſh mob, taking arms out of the hands of Proteſtants.—A church nailed up.—A new church threatened to be burnt, if an old church was not left for the purpoſe of being changed into a maſs-honſe*, " And veſtries controuled in " ſuch a manner as not to afford elements for the " Communion, though the Catholics are excluded " from having votes when theſe veſtries are held." —Thoſe facts and the threats already mentioned, make up this intereſting and " General Account " of the Riſe and Progreſs of the Inſurrections in " Munſter."—And from ſuch facts who would not infer that the overthrow of the eſtabliſhed religion was meditated by the Catholics. It muſt be the

authors

author's meaning and drift to create ſuch a belief in the minds of his readers, or there is no meaning in what he writes —Why does not he mention the chapels that were nailed up; the Catholic clergy who ſuffered; the reduction of their accuſtomed dues; the Proteſtants who headed the inſurgents; his own churches reſorted to as to ſo many aſylums, in order to elude the laws; the motives and ſprings of their different tranſactions; the riſe of the evil, and the application of the remedy.

He informs us that *Donoghmore church was nailed up*; and leaves his readers to look at the nails without pointing out to the hand that faſtened them; after having ſo deeply impreſſed his mind with the terrors of *Popery*, as to make him gueſs that a Popiſh hand had raiſed the hammer.

The Biſhop could not be ignorant of the circumſtances which gave riſe to this tranſaction. He knows that the Proteſtant clergyman of that pariſh was beloved in the place, and had a great number of powerful friends. The Biſhop of Cloyne appointed another clergyman to officiate in his room. This was not agreeable to the pariſhioners. When the ſtrange clergyman came on a Sunday morning to the church he found it nailed up. Let the reader draw the inference. The Biſhop of Cloyne ſhould have either not mentioned *the church of Donoghmore*, or not omitted this circumſtance, which would either lead his reader into a knowledge that either the Proteſtant pariſhioners nailed up the church, or if there were any Catholics amongſt them, that it was not from a deſign to invade the church, but from a love for the clergyman who was to quit the pariſh. But this manner of relating facts would not anſwer Doctor Woodward's end. He mentions a clergyman at whom *ſtones were thrown whilſt he was officiating, and who would*

would have been murdered by a neighbouring POPISH CONGREGATION, *but for a meſſenger who was diſpatched from the ſame congregation to inform him of the danger.* I am not a perſon of ſuch a caviling diſpoſition as to deny facts, except when I have ſufficient evidence to diſprove them. But if the Biſhop had related all the circumſtances relative to the above tranſaction, the reader would attribute it to ſome cauſe different from the deſign of a popiſh confederacy to overturn the eſtabliſhed church.

In relating this tranſaction, which a Catholic would hold in the ſame deteſtation in which a Proteſtant would hold it, has the Lord Biſhop, as a candid hiſtorian, informed his readers that previous to this inſult there had been an unhappy affray? A warrant which the pariſhioners of both religions deemed illegal, had been iſſued in order to levy church rates, after a manner to which the pariſhioners had not been accuſtomed. As far as I have been informed, the rates were to be levied on plough-lands, inſtead of having recourſe to the uſual mode. The people reſiſted, and in the reſiſtance two of the pariſhioners unfortunately loſt their lives. The killers were indicted for murder. The bills were ignor'd. This exaſperated the people. Their minds ſtill in a ferment—a new clergyman was ſent to officiate in the pariſh. They were more diſpoſed in favour of his predeceſſor: Whilſt the clergyman was reading prayers, a boy, perhaps a ſon to one of the men who had been kill'd, began to throw ſtones, and was immediately hindered.—As to the fact that the men were killed, I appeal to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne himſelf, who would not have been glad that the affair would have been brought at that time before the court of King's-bench, as bloodſhed

on the ſcore of *conſecrated goods*, has ever wounded the clerical profeſſion in every age, and in every nation.—As to the circumſtances, I am not acquainted with the minute detail of them. For the truth of the above account, I appeal to the Proteſtant gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Ballivoorna, when he talks of the reduction of the tithes in the foregoing diſtrict. The Biſhop and I relate the ſame facts; but our inferences are different.—He relates bare facts, without mentioning one ſingle circumſtance, which may determine the reader's judgment in favour of an injured and miſrepreſented people. His only object through the courſe of his pamphlet, is to prove what no man of ſenſe in Ireland believes, viz. THE CHURCH OF IRELAND IS AT THIS PRESENT MOMENT IN IMMINENT DANGER OF SUBVERSION.

If facts ſuch as are related by the Biſhop were really believed, they certainly would be very alarming. But when related with their concomitant circumſtances, and the motives that gave them riſe, the phantom vaniſhes. The candid reader will infer from the above fact, that the attack on the clergyman was not *Popiſh confederacy* againſt the *eſtabliſhed religion*, but an ebullition of paſſion occaſioned by reſentment. When Pope Alexander the Sixth, ordered ſix cardinals to be ſowed up in a bag, and caſt into the Tyber, none but a fool can imagine that it was with a view to overthrow their religion; and no wiſe man will conſtrue into a plot againſt the church, two or three ſtones thrown at a clergyman by a boy, after ſeeing the mangled body of his father ſtretched dead in a field, in conſequence of eccleſiaſtical dues, however unjuſtifiable the inſult. The Lord Biſhopof Cloyne muſt certainly

tainly have piercing eyes when he diſcovers *every one's religion in a crowd*—Or when he confounds all religions concerned in the South, and amalgamates or unites them into one *Popiſh maſs*: we can literally apply to the Hiſtorian of the Whiteboys, the remark made on Cambden, who from partiality to his nation, had both eyes open when he wrote of the Engliſh, one eye ſhut when he wrote of the Scotch, but was *quite blind when he wrote of the Iriſh*.

Angligenus oculis perluſtras Camdene duobus;
Monoculus Scotos: *Cæcus Hibernos.*

Hitherto the Lord Biſhop has kept me at the doors of his churches. Now let us follow him into the ſanctuary.—He talks of *Veſtries being intimidated by the Whiteboys from granting money for the purchaſe of elements for the Holy Communion.*

How many Veſtries have they *intimidated?* Or was this *intimidation* a *Popiſh confederacy*, to overturn the eſtabliſhed religion by extinguiſhing fervor and devotion? I do not perceive this extraordinary zeal for the Sacraments in either Catholics or Proteſtants, which gives the miniſters of religion room to complain of the great conſumption of ſacramental wine, and conſecrated bread. The more they ſee their inſtructors attached to the world, the contempt of which they are bound to enforce; the more they ſee them intent upon blowing the trumpet of religious war, on the ſcore of ſpeculative tenets, which ſurpaſs the comprehenſion of the multitude, and neglect charity, peace and humanity, which are within the reach of all; the more the laity perceive the miniſters of a religion which is the offspring of Heaven, intent upon fixing *its*

root in the earth, the more they will relax in their fervor, and be inclined to believe that the ſacred miniſtry is a kind of craft in the hands of ſkilful intereſted men, who for the ſake of lucre and emolument, would preach up Chriſt in Europe, and Diana at Epheſus, had they lived in the time of Demetrius, the ſilver-ſmith, who complained that his trade would be loſt if the temple of the Goddeſs was deſerted. His Lordſhip knows that theſe are the obloquies and reproaches of *our modern deiſts and free-thinkers*.

He knows that in every age, people have availed themſelves of obloquies and reproaches againſt the clergy, and alledged them as a cauſe of ſeparation from his church, as well as from mine. The beſt method of ſilencing the voice of obloquy raiſed againſt the miniſters of religion, is a conduct marked with that *charity and diſintereſtneſs* which the public are entitled to expect from perſons of their ſacred functions. How far the Biſhop of Cloyne's pamphlet has contributed to vindicate the clerical profeſſion from the aſperſions of obloquy, and to prove that the miniſters of the Goſpel are the *moſt charitable and diſintereſted* mortals on earth, let his readers judge. He is a minute Hiſtorian who is not ſatisfied with informing his readers that the Whiteboys *intimidated Veſtries from collecting church rates*, without alarming the piety of the devouteſt ſouls, by threatening them with a ſpiritual famine from *Popiſh* plunderers, who deprive them of *the elements for the Holy Communion*.

If the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne had been as accurate in the enumeration of all the tranſactions of the Munſter peaſantry, as he has been in his detail of *churches and elements*, more figures would riſe to view on his hiſtorical canvaſs, and in the groupe would appear

appear *perſecuted prieſts and deſerted chapels*. He has painted one ſide of the face and ſhadowed the other. It is incumbent on me to ſupply the defect.—He has given the profile, I muſt draw the face in full. My readers will excuſe my prolixity when they are acquainted with my motives, and the reaſons which induce me to enter into ſo minute a detail.

The character of the nation has been injured in Foreign Countries, where we are conſidered as in a ſtate of barbariſm and rebellion, in conſequence of the exaggerated accounts induſtriouſly circulated in the prints, ſince the beginning of the diſturbances. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's pamphlet has been read at St. James's; and his Majeſty muſt entertain an extraordinary opinion of the Diſſenters aud Catholics of Ireland. The Iriſh Catholics in particular, are objects of deteſtation all over Great Britain, in conſequence of and Theophilus's addreſs, the *marrow* of which is inſerted in the Monthly Review, which fell into my hands the day I ſat down to write this defence. In that Review of January eighty-ſeven, the diſturbances in Ireland are the reſult of a Popiſh confederacy, cemented *by Popiſh clergymen, and their votaries, with a deſign to overturn the eſtabliſhed religion.—All theſe misfortunes flow from a relaxation of the Popery Laws, as from their genuine ſource*, &c. &c.

I am then indiſpenſably bound to undeceive the public both in Ireland and wherever this pamphlet may appear. Juſtice to my country, to the Iriſh Catholics, and to myſelf, requires an exact and minute detail.

A pitched battle, in which ten thouſand on each ſide had fallen in the field, has not employed ſo many

many pens, nor occaſioned ſuch alarms, as the mighty excurſions of Captain Right's forces. They diſturbed the peace of the community, it is true; and for this they are juſtly cenſured, and juſtly puniſhable. They collected money in two or three places, for the ſupport of their confederates who were in gaol. No perſon exculpates them for this ill-directed benevolence; and if they *forced* it from the people whoſe *relations* were in gaol, they deſerved death. There was one man cruelly and barbarouſly murdered in the county of Tipperary: at this murder humanity ſhudders; there was a reſpectable clergyman of the eſtabliſhed church, the Rev. Mr. Ryan, moſt cruelly uſed; the Rev. Mr. Hare, was way-laid and eſcaped. In the county of Cork, the Rev. Dr. Atterbury was forced to ſwear to the Rightboys table of tithe-rates, but received no other injury; the Rev. Mr. Mayne had ſome of his out-houſes burned; the Rev. Mr. Kenny, from terror quitted his habitation; and Archdeacon Tiſdall, with Father Burke, the prieſt of the pariſh, in which both reſided, took ſhelter in Cork; the Rev. Mr. Browne had two or three horſes cropped, theſe gentlemen are the clergymen of the eſtabliſhed church, who were moſt materially injured. There was not a ſenſible Catholic in the county of Cork that did not condemn and deteſt the uſage given to the Rev. gentlemen now mentioned, and the more ſo, as ſome of them are conſidered as fathers to the poor; though the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne upbraids me with uttering panegyricks on ſome of the Proteſtant clergy.— But equally indifferent to his applauſe or cenſure, I ſhall ever pay a tribute to merit. Sorry am I, as an Hiſtorian and a man of feeling, that he has not enumerated the Catholic clergymen, who

were

were equal ſufferers in the ſtorm. His readers would then be of opinion, that the Right-boys were as hoſtile to the Church of Rome, as to the eſtabliſhed religion.

In the long ſpace of fifteen months, whilſt the diſturbances continued, until the preſent Earl of Carhampton, (then Lord Luttrell) came to Munſter, I heard of no murder committed by the Whiteboys. If there has been any ſuch barbarity committed, I ſhall relate it in the ſecond edition of my pamphlet.

Every robbery, every outrage has been attributed to thoſe deluded and unhappy people. And to my ſurpriſe, (if ſurpriſed I would be, after ſo many falſehoods propagated from the county where I reſide,) on my arrival in Dublin, what ſhould I ſee but an account of four hundred Whiteboys attacking officers of the army, near Cork. Three nights before I ſet off from Cork, we had an account of this extraordinary encounter.—An officer on his return from the ſports of the field, for want of other game, ſhot a peaſant's dog: before he had time to charge his piece, the active clown with his ſtick, revenged the death of the guardian of his cabbin. This brought on an affray.—This affray was conſtrued into *Whiteboyiſm*; and had there not been a *Whiteboy or a Rightboy* in the world, *touch me, touch my dog* would be a ſtanding maxim with an Iriſh peaſant. He commonly anſwers one queſtion with another, and returns *blow for blow*. This laſt part of his education he receives from the inſtinct of nature, which is forwarded *by the Iriſh ſoil*, ſo favourable to the growth of valour. If he was guilty of no other fault but that of reſenting an *unprovoked injury*, with a ſtroke of *Shilelah*, the nobility and gentry of Ireland would not blame him much.——

They

They themſelves are remarkable for bravery; and their character is not to be inſulted with impunity.

Far be it from me to countenance diſorder. But I muſt make allowance for the paſſions of man. And I feel when I ſee every trifling ſcuffle magnified in to *rebellion againſt the ſtate*, and every murmur againſt a proctor or tithe-jobber exaggerated into a confederacy againſt the church. Yet to the diſcredit of the county of Cork in particular every dwarf was metamorphoſed into a giant. Tithe-jobbers ſtrained every nerve to alarm the fears of Government, in order to ſecure themſelves in their extortions, by painting the deluded peaſantry as unworthy of the leaſt compaſſion. In the *reverend* author of *the letter found on the road between Cork and Cloghnakilty, addreſſed to Dr. O'Leary*, they found a favourite hiſtorian, who, in peaſants going before day for ſand to manure their ſpots of ground, could diſcover Orlandos and Orſons. The ſport of ſchool-boys was magnified into ſieges. In Monkſtown, where ladies and gentlemen paſs a good part of the ſummer for the benefit of bathing, what uproars and alarms. Two wags, for the ſake of diverſion, ſounded an old horn in the dead of the night, and threw all the ladies and gentlemen into a panic terror. In the ſpace of three weeks this nocturnal ſport appeared in the diſtant prints a ſerious blockade by *Captain Right*, at the head of five hundred men. In this manner, at a diſtance from the ſcene of action, were numbers alarmed at the report of the *taking of Umbrage* §. To give a hiſtory of the falſe accounts propagated in the public papers, and of the ma-

§ As the words require an explanation, for the inſtruction of ſeveral, it is fit to remark, that when it was reported in the papers that the *French had taken Umbrage at the proceedings of the Engliſh*, ſome

manœuvres of *tithe-dealers*, would be an endleſs taſk. I muſt haſten to the *veſtries*, as the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne complains that they *were intimidated from purchaſing the elements for the holy communion.*

I have heard but of one veſtry in his dioceſe relative to which there has been *any intimidation.* The people who complained of *tithes* complained of the riſe of *pariſh rates*, and requeſted the gentleman who had the ſuperintendance of the veſtry, not to increaſe them. In the year eighty church-rates in ſome parts of the dioceſe of Cloyne were but 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* The people, both Proteſtants and Catholics, finding that their piety did not increaſe in proportion to the rapid riſe of the eccleſiaſtical revenues, and that the clergy were not more holy and *diſintereſted* in the year eighty-ſix, than they were in the year eighty, thought fit that ſanctity ſhould not be diſtanced by ſo many odds by the price of ſanctification. They brought both within nearer view of each other. And hence this myſtery of popery controlling veſtries, and depriving ſouls who did not chuſe to pay too much for their canonization, is unravelled. With regard to the notice ordering a church to be left for a maſs-houſe, and threats to burn a new one, I ridiculed the very idea of it in my laſt addreſs to the white-boys. He ſays that they bound *themſelves by oath, in preſence of the church-wardens, to burn the new church, if the old one was not left for a maſs-houſe.* Who were thoſe who bound themſelves by oath to commit ſuch a deed? Does his church-

ſome wiſeacres imagined that *Umbrage* was the name of ſome great city. The miſtake of the meaning of a word often leads into error. And of this error are guilty thoſe who confound *whiteboyiſm* with a *popiſh confederacy.*

wardens know them? If he does, let him bring them to juſtice? If he does not know them, how does he know their religion? And have they fulfilled their engagement? Was maſs ſaid in the old church?' Is the new church burnt? It is very likely that a ſet of men who have not heard prayers from their own paſtors in the long ſpace of fourteen months, and who had flocked to his churches, for the ſake of impunity, would (as I remarked in my letter to them) indulge ſuch fervour as to have a church for a maſs-houſe, and die martyrs for prayers. *Apago nugec!*

If the Biſhop of Cloyne believes this a ſerious affair, I applaud him for the ſtrength of his faith. Under the apprehenſions of terror the imagination realizes phantoms. We read in hiſtory that armies in the dead of the night encamped on the ſummit of a hill, imagining that the enemies were drawn up in battle array in a diſtant plain *. The outſcouts at the dawn of day diſcovered, to their ſurpriſe, that it was an extenſive field covered with overgrown thiſtles, nodding with the breeze, and ſeeming to beckon to their purſuers to advance. Doctor Woodward's imagination creates ſimilar foes. Nor can we diſcover any danger to Doctor Woodward's *old church or new church*, except what he figures to himſelf in his pamphlet.

But will Mr. O'Leary deny that ſuch notices were poſted up, and ſuch letters, threatening to cut out tongues, *&c.* were written? By no means.—Mr. O'Leary is not a man to controvert facts vouched by the Biſhop's authority, except when he has facts to counterbalance them. In that caſe he will humbly take the liberty of being guided by his

* The army of the princes in the reign of Lewis the Eleventh. See Father Daniel's Hiſtory of France.

own

judgment. He does not believe the Pope's in-
bility; much leſs will he place infallibility in
Biſhop of Cloyne's oracles when he delivers them
n his tripod. But he is humbly of opinion,
ſuch notices and letters came from other quar-
. Tithe-proctors, tithe-jobbers and others were
reſted in alarming the nation, and awakening
fears of Government. They dreaded the leaſt
ration in the preſent ſyſtem, and knew that
beſt method to ſecure ſucceſs to their plan, was
blacken as much as poſſible deluded men who
e already but too obnoxious. Hence the exag-
ted accounts of the white-boys circulated in
diſtant prints; all proviſions, and every com-
nication between town and country cut off.—
our markets were ſupplied as uſual.
. lady of conſequence who ſpends her time and
me in encouraging arts and manufactures, on
ſe eſtate the little girl of five earns her bread by
ting; whoſe tenants wear ſhoes and ſtockings,
n ſhirts and warm frize, whilſt the tenants of ſe-
l are ſhivering with cold and pinching with hun-
; who, when the peaſant dies, gives the warm
n, and a ſpot of ground rent-free to the widow and
ans, until the eldeſt ſon is able to provide for
n; who has diffuſed a ſpirit of induſtry and
ur amongſt the naked and unemployed inha-
nts of barren rocks; and who, like another
obia, has a manly heart in a female breaſt.——
s lady intended to drain part of a lake, in order
enlarge her improvements. A grateful pea-
ry flocked to the work. It was enough. We
read in the diſtant papers that a *thouſand white-*
had thrown up intrenchments, and had formed
gular encampment upon her lands. Number-
falſehoods have been induſtriouſly propagated,
e diſhonour of the country. No honeſt man

would juſtify any breach of the public peace, and no man who pays any regard for juſtice or truth would propagate falſehood and infamy.

Before the relaxation of the Popery laws, a wretch, after having quitted his houſe, ſet fire to it in the dead of night, and ſwore to damages which were to be made good to him at the expence of the innocent. The villainy was proved in open court. Had the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne made enquiries, perhaps he would find that ſome tithe-jobbers tampered with their hirelings to ſet fire to their own corn.—By this manœuvre they expected that a tenfold gain would compenſate for this wilful loſs. I doubt not then the reality of the notices, however abſurd, nor the threats, however unlikely to be carried into execution. But I ſuſpect the quarter from whence they came. Intereſt and vengeance combined, are capable of giving greater alarms, but the judgment muſt not be captivated to the yoke of an implicit belief, when the motives of credibility are dubious; and anonymous letters are bad vouchers. No man intent upon the murder of another, ever forewarns him of the danger. If a perſon wrote me a letter, threatening to cut out my tongue, I would not be under the leaſt apprehenſion that he would deprive me of the organ of ſpeech. If he were in earneſt, he would watch his opportunity without putting me on my guard. Be this as it may, we all deplore the peace of ſociety diſturbed; the property of individuals injured by nightly excurſions, and the diſtraction of the community.

But the duty of the hiſtorian confines him within the limits of truth, and in relating events when he cannot know the real cauſes, he muſt aſſign the moſt probable. The Biſhop's favourite layman, talks of *people hanging in gallowſes*, noſes and ears *cut off*, &c. Will the Biſhop of Cloyne be his voucher.

cher. For while I am on the ſpot, I ſhall controvert the legendary tales of any modern Sir John Temple.——No; the Biſhop cannot produce one ſingle inſtance of any man's being murdered by the white-boys in the counties of Cork or Kerry, and as for noſes, had he diſcovered any of them to be cut off by the white-boys, his *zeal for religion* would have induced him to collect and fix them in *the face* of his pamphlet to ornament his *picture of perſecution*, and give it *its due proportions*. I enquired about thoſe *noſes* and ears, I can get no information. The operations then of a campaigne of fifteen months, (a campaign, which has attracted the attention of all Europe, thanks to our tithe journaliſts) have been confined, as I remarked before, to two or three proctors, buried without being dead, and riſing immediately without waiting for the ſound of the laſt trumpet; the burning of ſome few ricks of corn, and the cropping of nine or ten garrens which are ſtill at the plough; and notabene, the two laſt garrans that were cropped after Lord Luttrell's firſt excurſion to Munſter, though the oldeſt in the ſtudd, were cropt with as much nicety as if a young miſſe's ears were to be borne for the reception of ornamental pendants. A ſmall ſlit! *but great noiſe*. Such is the number of the wounded by the white-boys in the counties of Cork and Kerry. But where is the number of the ſlain?—The ſlain and mortally wounded were the deluded *bipeds*, whom the Biſhop of Cloyne did not exhort, nor baniſh from his churches; and who goaded by oppreſſion on one hand, and expecting impunity from hipocriſy on the other, gave into thoſe wild and extravagant meaſures, againſt which Mr. O'Leary cautioned them. During the diſturbances, the Catholic clergy and laity ſuffered more than their Proteſtant neighbours of the ſame reſpective orders.

orders. And when the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne promiſed his readers A GENERAL ACCOUNT *of the riſe and progreſs of the inſurrections in Munſter*, we little expected that his account would be incloſed in a nutſhell, of which five or ſix Proteſtant clergymen were the kernel, whilſt the perſecuted Catholic clergymen are omitted, as the withered leaves of the tree, left out of his hiſtorical deſſert.

Such, is the plain, candid and unadorned account of the diſturbances, in the ſuppreſſion of which I have taken ſo active a part, whilſt the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, as an unconcerned ſpectator, ſtood gazing upon an eminence at a great diſtance from the field of battle. After a large fabric has been on fire for more than twelve-months, it is laudable in him to come forward with the doleful news, that a few rafters have been burnt. He ſhould have been the firſt to put his hand to the engine, in order to bring the fire under, and to prevent it from communicating to the adjacent buildings. When the prophet Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations, it was a long time before the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, in order to caution the people, and induce them to guard againſt the impending calamity. When the prophet Ezechial had eaten a book, in which were written *lamentations* AND A SONG, *and woe*, it was to forewarn an obſtinate people But when the Biſhop of Cloyne cries aloud from the walls of Jeruſalem, THE CHURCH OF IRELAND IS AT THIS PRESENT MOMENT IN IMINENT DANGER OF SUBVERSION, it is after the Chaldeans had raiſed the ſiege and retired to their country.—Fifteen months after the diſturbances had broken out. After Lord Kenmare, a Catholic peer had ſuppreſſed them in Kerry. After the Lord Chief Baron Yelverton had decreed an atonement to violated juſtice, by the puniſhment of ſuch criminals

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as were found guilty of a breach of the laws. And after the preſent Earl of Carhampton (then Lord Luttrell) had pacified the entire province, a few ſtragglers excepted. If in the long ſpace of fifteen months he was really convinced that the veſſel, if the eſtabliſhed religion, of which he is one of the pillots, was in danger, why has he ſlept at the helm? When the ſtorm is over and the ſea exhibits a ſmooth ſurface, he ſings the doleful ditty of the ſhipwrecked mariner all over the three kingdoms; but where was he when the ſhip was on the point of ſinking? Where was the paſtoral letter? Where was the pathetic addreſs? Where was the publication replete with thoſe figures and images which would work on the paſſions of the Proteſtant nobility and gentry of the province, and awaken them to a ſenſe of their danger? It is no great hardſhip for a Biſhop to publiſh a pamphlet in eighty-ſeven, which he had all the leiſure to write in the year eighty-ſix. But where were the exertions of the paſtoral care? where was the ſhepherds whiſtle heard, when the *wolf* was devouring the flock? The Biſhop of Cloyne acknowledges that the dioceſe of Cork was committed to his care in the abſence of Doctor Mann.—This additional charge to that of his own dioceſe ſhould naturally have redoubled his vigilance.—He then ſhould have made it his buſineſs as ſuperintendant of ſuch extenſive dioceſes, to get every information relative to the diſorders which diſtracted the places committed to his care: to endeavour to ſtifle the evil in its birth, and to prevent its ſpreading further.

I ſhall make no further comments, but leave my readers to their own judgment, without anticipating their reflections. However the learned may admire Tacitus for his art in raiſing a rich work from poor materials, his judicious reflections, and

conciſe

conciſe (though obſcure) manner of impreſſing his ſentiments; yet I ſhall never take him for my guide, becauſe he is too malignant, and aſcribes the moſt caſual events to A DARK POLICY. If Auguſtus names Tiberius for his ſucceſſor, it is according to Tacitus, with a deſign that the vices of that tyrant ſhould ſerve as a foil to ſet off his own qualities. If Piſo is appointed governor of ſuch a province, it is in order to be a ſpy over Germanicus, whom Tiberius envied. If Sejanus is elected prime miniſter, it is in order to glut the vengeance of the gods. He aſcribes the offspring of chance to a gloomy deſtiny. His characters generally bear the ſame features. It is not the man whom he deſcribes, but the hiſtorian's heart I read. For this very reaſon I do not like him, becauſe he diſtorts the objects. Had the ſame events happened in his time at Rome which have happened within thoſe fifteen months in the county where I reſide, what *a political picture* would not Tacitus have left to future ages! The plebeians all up in arms, and the ſupreme Augur aſleep without conſulting the Omens! The temples of the gods threatened with deſtruction, and the Pontiff ſilent! And when the danger is over, the empire in commotion, and the Pontiff offering propitiatory ſacrifices and inviting the people to burn incenſe, in order to avert thoſe calamities from which the gods had delivered them, during his ſecurity and ſomnolence! Reflections of the kind I leave to ſuch hiſtorians as Tacitus, or to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne himſelf, who is ſo ingenious as to metamorphoſe me into a being to which I bear no reſemblance, and to caſt me in a mould ſo ill fitted to my frame.

Can any perſon in his ſenſes preſume that the Catholics of Ireland, after the late indulgence extended to them by the reigning powers, would be

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ſo diveſted of gratitude and common ſenſe as to expoſe their necks to the chain with which rigorous laws had bound them for ſo many years — When their anceſtors ſigned the capitulation of Limerick, and ſubmitted to the ſon-in-law of their former fugitive and cowardly king, ſooner than violate the laws of nations, afterwards ſo baſely violated by the laſt of the Stuarts, they declined availing themſelves of the ſuccours ſent by Lewis the Fourteenth. When Alberoni ſent the ſon of James the Second to Scotland, the Iriſh Catholics remained quiet and peaceful, though they had every reaſon to expect the aſſiſtance of Spain if they joined the ſon of their former king, when the preſent family was not ſufficiently ſettled on a throne threatened by foreign foes, and an aſpiring candidate who had his father's title to plead, and numbers of his partizans, each to join him in ſupport of his pretenſions. When the plains of Fontenoy were dyed with Engliſh blood, and George the Second threatened with expulſion from the Britiſh dominions, by a young pretender marching to the ſeat of empire, where was any commotion amongſt the Catholics of Ireland? When Thurot landed at Carrickfergus where were the Catholics who flocked to his banners in the North? Where were the Catholics who cauſed a diverſion in his favour in the South? When England was ſurrounded by a warring world; one of her ſtrongeſt limbs torn from her body, by the loſs of America; her fleets purſued by a victorious enemy, diſplaying their flag on her coaſts; and Ireland, deſtitute of any aſſiſtance but the loyalty and courage of her ſons, who forgot their unhappy and fatal prejudices in the common danger, did the Iriſh Catholics ſtand by as neutral ſpectators, in expectation of the event? Did not they flock to

the ſtandard of their Proteſtant neighbours, and march at the ſignal, either to defend their common country, or to mingle their blood in the ſame trenches with their fellow-ſubjects? Are thoſe the men whoſe loyalty ſhould be ſuſpected, and character traduced? Or muſt the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's *clamour about tithes* become now *a wakeful trump to thunder diviſion* amongſt three bodies of men, who in time of danger were conſolidated into one? He alarms the members of the eſtabliſhed church with the danger wherewith they are threatened from the Diſſenters *inclined to pull it down*. He alarms them with the danger wherewith they are threatened from the Catholics ready *to ſet up their own*. He excludes both from *national confidence*; then ſhifts the ground, and after having diſcarded the Diſſenters as hoſtile to *his eſtabliſhment*, he invites them to his ſtandard, to join him in his attack upon the Catholics, by reminding them of the lenient uſage they met with from his church, when compared with the ſevere uſage they would meet with from the church of Rome.

The Lion invited one day the beaſts to a hunting party, and promiſed to divide the ſpoils. The aſs with his loud notes rouſed the game, which was ſoon run down. The diviſion of the ſpoil commenced. This belongs to me ſaid the Lion, according to compact; and this becauſe my name is Lion, and this for ſuch a reaſon; and who would dare to touch the reſt? One would imagine that Æſop had read the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's pamphlet. *Come Diſſenters to my aſſiſtance, though I have excluded you before from national confidence, enemies to my eſtabliſhment, which from principle you are inclined to pull down,* become my *auxiliaries in chaining your fellow-ſubjects of the Catholic perſuaſion, leſt they reach their hands to the ſacred ſheaf.—But as for you, you dare not to touch it.*

it. For my name is Lion. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne would have ſome colourable pretence for alarming the fears of Iriſh Diſſenters, and prejudicing them againſt their Catholic fellow-ſubjects, if he had the generoſity to divide the ſpoils.—But will he divide the *tithes* with their clergy? His invitation then and his compliments are equally unmeaning.

Heavens forbid, that the natives of this kingdom (let their religion be what it may) ſhould ever relapſe into the frenzy of deſtructive and unchriſtian diſſenſions.

The Diſſenters then will ſay to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne. *We will ſupport the State, not in compliance with your* CHARITABLE ADMONITION, *but becauſe it is our duty and intereſt. But we will not make war upon our neighbours for tithes and mitres. We ſhall not efface from the pannels of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's carriage, that emblem of eccleſiaſtical pre-eminence he has borrowed from the Church of Rome, which he is now expoſing to publick deteſtation*; nor diminiſh the number of his diſhes, which the Catholic clergy had dreſſed for him, ages before they imagined that Biſhops, inſtead of praying for them and their ſucceſſors, would diſturb the dead in their graves, by attributing to them doctrines they never taught, and exciting the jealouſy and reſentment of the reigning powers againſt the living, by caſting at their threſholds abortives they diſclaim. We ſhall not engage, my Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, in a Cruſade to make war upon Infidels who are not in poſſeſſion of your Holy Land.

It is extraordinary in you to alarm the public, with the dangers of Popery, when you retain the moſt oppreſſive part of a religion, from which you are ſprung, tithes that are oppreſſive to the poor, and pre-eminence which in all ages has not been well reliſhed by the rich. We cannot in reaſon

hate a Catholic for his ſpeculative creed.—His belief of the real preſence affects us no more than if he believed that Berenices treſſes were changed into a comet. Nor are we much concerned whether in that immenſity beyond the grave, there may be an intermediate place between the two extremes of complete happineſs and complete miſery.—A place where the ſoul attones for venial lapſes, and pays off a part of the debts it has contracted here. It is equal to us where a man pays his debts, whether here or in purgatory, provided he pays ourſelves what he owes us. And however clamorous a mitred divine may be about Popiſh purgatory, HE MAY PERHAPS GO FURTHER, AND SPEED WORSE.

The proctor's pound where the cottagers cow or calf is impriſoned, is a greater nuiſance to the living, than thouſands of ſubterraneous caverns beyond the grave. When you call upon us then to your aſſiſtance againſt our Catholic neighbours, we ſhall not obey the ſummons, until you divide with us the ſpoils of piety which have been tranſmitted to you by the Catholic clergy, whom you are now attacking. When they were groaning under the yoke of penal laws, we publiſhed at Dungannon thoſe reſolutions which Europe read with admiration; in them we declared, that as we held freedom of conſcience ſacred in ourſelves, ſo we held it ſacred in others, and gloried in the proſpect of our Catholic fellow-ſubjects emancipation. America copied after the illuſtrious example. The Emperor has placed the God-like image of toleration, in the ſame banner with the Imperial Eagle. Good ſenſe and the general good of ſociety, are reſtoring to unhappy mortals the inalienable charter, which ſchool divinity had uſurped, the choice of the religion they think the beſt; and the privilege

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of being accountable to God alone for their ſpeculative tenets. Any perſon who would preach or practiſe a contrary doctrine, is an AGITATOR indeed, and an agitating Biſhop is as obnoxious to us as an AGITATING FRIAR.—You have directed your arrows againſt Mr. O'Leary in particular. He has waſhed off the paint which your bruſh has laid on his face. He has proved in his narrative, that you have not given an accurate account of the diſturbances in Munſter. You have not ſtemmed the torrent.—You have not aſſigned the genuine cauſes of the inſurrections, which in your heart you know not to have originated in any Popiſh confederacy againſt either church or ſtate, but in the deſpair of wretchedneſs, aſcribable indeed to ſeveral cauſes, amongſt which tithes and tithe-canters are to be enumerated. Mr. O'Leary has fully juſtified the Catholic body from the foul aſperſion of Theophilus and the inſinuation of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne. He has called on you both, to produce one agitating Friar, or Romiſh Miſſionary ſent here to ſow ſedition, or who has ſown ſedition in the land.—There is the challenge given by conſcious innocence. We ſhall not then quarrel with our Catholic neighbours, much leſs with Mr. O'Leary. If he has any more to ſay we ſhall hear him. It is the privilege to which every injured man is entitled; but we conſider him as fully acquitted, whatever further remarks he may think fit to make on your pamphlet.

SECTION

SECTION THE SECOND;

CONTAINING

A VINDICATION of Mr. O'LEARY'S ADDRESSES to the WHITE-BOYS.

I KNOW not upon what ground the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne can ſay that my addreſſes are moſt *artfully contrived to ſow ſedition?* Is it for recommending peace? No. Is it for recommending *patience under ſufferings?* If ſo, the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne muſt burn the Bible. Is it becauſe I did not enlarge upon the miſeries of the peaſantry, in conſequence *of low wages and rack-rents*, as the Biſhop intimates? The reduction of tithes and the dues of the pariſh prieſts were the only objects mentioned in the inſurgents proclamations. In addreſſing them upon complaints which they did not expreſs, was to repreſent the orator who finiſhed, by the deluge, his ſermon on the reſurrection. The public knew that the people were exaſperated and outrageous. I had one object in view, which was to work on their paſſions, by the fitteſt ſprings, to move the hearts and allay the paſſions of a diſcontented multitude. *I mean hope and fear*; the dread of puniſhment, and the hope of redreſs.—I knew that ſuch of the clergy as, from the warmth of zeal, and want of foreknowledge that their flock would ever riſe againſt themſelves, had recourſe to

to the uſual method of reclaiming them by ſeverity, had loſt their influence. In vain had they ſubſtituted a curſe for a prayer, and the oak ſaplin for the peaceful aſperges; the obſtinacy of the flock increaſed in proportion to the rigour of the paſtor; at laſt the rupture roſe to ſuch a height, that they ſwore in ſome places never to hear prayers from their preſent pariſh prieſts.——This the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne cannot be ignorant of; and the candour of the hiſtorian, when he talks of the inſurrections, as well as juſtice to thoſe perſecuted eccleſiaſtics, ſhould have induced him to advert to this very ſingular and unexpected circumſtance; eſpecially when he had read in the ſlanderous Theophilus the falſe and infamous charge brought againſt thoſe clergymen, accuſing them of being in a confederacy with their flocks for the *overthrow of the church and ſtate*. It was not from want of zeal and loyalty that they miſcarried in their attempt to re-eſtabliſh order. In all probability they would have ſucceeded better, had they tempered their fire.

I had to guard againſt the inconvenience which proved a ſtumbling-block to others. I knew that oil ſmooths the ruffled ſea, and that a long time before Cicero and Quintilian had laid down rules for rhetoricians to work on the paſſions, Solomon, a greater adept in the knowledge of the human heart, had ſaid, *A ſoft anſwer breaketh anger, and a hard word raiſeth up fury*. In my two firſt publications I addreſſed them in the ſoft language of ſympathy; led them on, ſtep by ſtep, to the temple of hope, at whoſe gates they ſhould wait with *patience*, keeping at a diſtance from the precipices which ſurround its confines, *violence from deſpair, and licentiouſneſs from preſumption*. All parties acknowledge

knowledge they were wretched; the clergy knew it, and they blamed the landlord; the landlords knew it, and they blamed the clergy's agent. It was not my duty to dictate to either. But *if* the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne affirms, in his pamphlet, that they did not ſuffer from ſuch perſons as deal in tithes, with every deference he ſhould be better informed. A gentleman of veracity has declared to me that thirty-two ſhillings have been extorted for one acre of potatoes; and that when a peaſant offered to buy his tithes at a certain price, he was horſe-whipped. I do not ſay that this happened in the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's dioceſe, to which he ſhould have confined himſelf when he became an advocate for *eccleſiaſtical agents*. And if report be true, in ſome places it is ſaid that the tithes which were ſet by the clergyman for three hundred pounds, were raiſed by thoſe harpies to the enormous ſum of ſeven hundred, and more. This rapid riſe muſt have been oppreſſive to the poor, without any benefit, but rather a loſs to the clergyman. The Biſhop of Cloyne would have done well if, in the beginning of the diſturbances, and even a long time before, he had enquired, whether there had been in his own dioceſe a certain tithe-jobber of ſuch art, power and influence, as to get the tithes for about an hundred and ſixty pounds, which he raiſed to about five hundred. The clergyman, who is all ſweetneſs and humanity, was under the neceſſity, in his own defence, to make over a bond to this *agent*, who had the policy and influence to hinder the peaſants from taking the tithes from the lenient and lawful owner, who was willing to ſet them at a moderate price. But when, by the above ſtratagem, this man got them into his own poſſeſſion, they became the ſcourges of the poor, who were continually harraſſed by decrees, either

either real or fictitious, which he either obtained or pretended to obtain from the Biſhop's-court.—No muſic could be heard in his diſtrict but the noiſe of cattle, mingled with the cries of the wretched, ſeeing their little ſtock ſold for half value. That man's pound was like unto a lion's den. The oppreſſed people came to the clergyman, requeſting him to take the tithes into his own hands, offering him twenty pounds more than he got from the jobber. An offer which the clergyman who feels for the poor, was under the painful neceſſity of refuſing, on account of his engagement with the other. All parties then agree that the unhappy people were oppreſſed. And the preſent Earl of Carhampton, (then Lord Viſcount Luttrell) who commanded the army in Munſter, and who acquitted himſelf of his commiſſion with ſuch honour and humanity, is convinced that diſtreſs, but not wantonneſs; the ſtings of poverty, but not the deſign of overturning church or ſtate, gave riſe to the diſturbances in the South of Ireland. Had the maxim that *it is better to prevent crimes than to puniſh them*, been followed; had all the landlords, both noblemen and gentlemen, taken an active part at the firſt breaking out of the inſurrections; had they explained to their reſpective tenants the danger and impropriety of their proceedings, enquired into their complaints, informed them that the ſenate of the nation was alone competent to make any alteration in eſtabliſhed laws, and that if they did not follow their advice, or obey their injunctions, they would be under the neceſſity of puniſhing them, both as landlords and magiſtrates; had this plan been adopted, the diſturbances would have been ſtifled in their very birth. Such of the gentlemen of conſequence as had adopted this plan, ſoon reſtored peace and tranquillity to their diſtricts. It

was the plan which Menenius Agrippa adopted with ſucceſs, when the diſcontented plebeians retired to the ſacred mountain. It was the plan adopted by Junius Bleſus, when the Pannonian legions revolted at the inſtigation of a common ſoldier. It was the plan adopted by Lord Luttrell when he went to the congregations, and reclaimed to their duty ſeveral pariſhes, inſtead of marking the progreſs of his march with the impoveriſhed blood of half ſtarved wretches. Cæſar's clemency out-ſhone the ſplendor of his victories. And Lord Luttrell's wiſdom and humanity upon that occaſion, beſides the honour and eſteem he acquired, have contributed more to the reſtoration of order and tranquillity, than if he had let the army looſe, and begun with coercion and violence.

The miniſtry of a clergyman, is a miniſtry of charity and compaſſion; when I ſee then, heroes bred in camps, and trained up amidſt the claſh of arms, ſheath upon ſeveral occaſions the ſword, and hold out the olive branch; when in the cure of wounds, lenitives are preferred to cauſticks, I am not aſhamed for having addreſſed a diſcontented and oppreſſed people, in the ſtile of ſympathy and tenderneſs. But when I ſee a Prelate, whoſe very robes are by their inſtitution emblematical of extenſive charity, exhibit ſymptoms of joy in the expectation that the poor will not be relieved by their rulers, I ſhould be more inclined to *curſe* the prieſthood, than to *revere* it; if I were ſo blind as to confound the unfeelingneſs and other defects of the miniſters of religion, with the holineſs and other duties of their miniſtry.

I recommended *patience, which ſoftens the afflictions of ſufferers*, to the diſtreſſed, after informing them that the legiſlative powers alone were competent to redreſs a general grievance, and that a diſor-

diſorderly conduct was a bad recommendation to their humanity.

Here are the comments of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne upon the above texts, " To what do theſe " lectures of Mr. O'Leary tend? To tell the inſur- " gents that though he knows that they are more " oppreſſed than any ſect of men in the world : " though he is convinced that they had a right to " expect redreſs from the humanity of the legiſla- " ture ; yet the legiſlature ſhew no compaſſion for " them; they muſt remain in their miſery : they " HAVE NO REMEDY BUT THAT OF PATIENCE, " WHICH SOFTENS THE AFFLICTIONS OF SUF- " FERERS."

I am not aſhamed of the admonitions—But I bluſh at the cenſure : I prefer the charitable Samaritan, who did not offer up ſacrifices in Solomon's Temple, yet relieved the bleeding man on the road from Jeruſalem to Jericho ; I prefer him to the unfeeling Prieſt and Levite, who paſſed by unconcerned, without pitying a man whom they ſaw weltering in his blood. I ſhall ever pity the poor, and ſhall ever recommend them to their rulers.—If this be a crime, may it be the only crime of which I may be found guilty.

I recommended them to their rulers.—It would have been more becoming in the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne to have done the ſame, than to cenſure me for the feelings of pity. I ſtill indulge the hope, that the legiſlators of Ireland will redreſs the grievances of the wretched, at the period which their wiſdom will appoint.—And I am very confident that they will glory in feelings congenial to thoſe of Francis the Firſt, who on hearing that a nobleman had killed a peaſant, dreſſed himſelf in mourning, bound up his right arm in a ſcarf; ſent for the murderer, to whom he ſaid, *Rebel, you have*

wounded your King in the right arm, in depriving him of one of the props of the ſtate. For without the peaſantry, who will feed my armies, or ſupply my treaſury?

The plough, the ſpade and the reaping-hook, handled by vigorous, healthy and well fed peaſants, are of more benefit to the ſtate than a thouſand gooſe-quills, brandiſhed by ſo many controvertiſts, puzzling the minds and dividing the hearts of men and citizens, who in the intereſts of ſociety, and the feelings of humanity, would ſoon extinguiſh the flames of diſcord, if the *ſacred fire* were not continually fed by the very hands that ſhould preſerve *the temple of peace from the conflagration. It is the peaſant's labour and not his catechiſm that ſhould be the object of legiſlative attention*, ſays *Voltaire*.

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne cenſures me for pointing out to the inſurgents the dangers that threatened them from *the ſeverity of the law, the eloquance of Crown-lawyers, the perjuries of witneſſes, and the prejudices of juries*. What was the purport of this enumeration, but to make a deeper impreſſion on the minds of the deluded people, by a greater variety of images? And thus to attain my end, by preventing them from diſturbing the peace of the public, and ruſhing to their own deſtruction.

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's remark on the above paſſage is curious, and deſcriptive of his ingenuity and candour. I ſhall give it in his own words, "After expatiating on the ſeverity of the "laws, as not being FIT FOR A CHRISTIAN COUN-"TRY, and warning them that they could not ex-"pect a fair execution, even of thoſe cruel ordi-"nances, from the law-officers of the crown, the "witneſſes or jury, I think one may ſay with juſ-

"tice,

" tice, of his *addreſs* TO THE COMMON PEOPLE " OF IRELAND, PARTICULARLY TO SUCH OF THEM " AS ARE CALLED WHITE-BOYS, (printed in Dub- " lin 1786, and reviſed and corrected by himſelf,) " that it is calculated to raiſe diſcontent and indig- " nation in the Roman Catholic peaſantry, againſt " the national clergy, the legiſlature, the execu- " tive power, and their Proteſtant fellow-ſub- " jects."

Let the reader compare my letters with the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's commentary. Had I ſaid in plain terms to the inſurgents, " Do not put your- " ſelves in the power either of Judge or Jury, " King or Parliament, Lawyer or Witneſs, what would it amount to? No more than if I had ſaid, *behave as peaceable ſubjects, and do not put yourſelves in the power of any perſon.* I ſay it now; I give the ſame advice, and will the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne ſay that for giving this advice, *I am ſeditious?* It well behoves the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, who calls the verdict of the jury in the county of Monagh- an, *infamous*; and who becomes the eulogiſt of Theophilus, who has the effrontery to compare the Iriſh Houſe of Commons to *plunderers*, for paſſing a vote againſt the tithes of *agiſtment*; to carp at my words about *witneſſes and juries.*

His Lordſhip's letter verifies the words of Saint Paul, *Wherein thou judgeſt another, thou condemneſt thyſelf.*

In order to expoſe me to the deteſtation of the clergy of the eſtabliſhed religon, he attributes the following words to me: *Theſe diſturbances originate in the dues of the clergy.* *

* Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's Pamphlet, Page 106, third Edition,

I never

I never wrote, nor made uſe of ſuch words. I am ſorry that the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne has put it in my power to anſwer the charge with a flat contradiction. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne dates his pamphlet in 1787, and remarks that I think it *expedient to inform the Whiteboys, that the Whiteboy-act will be in force until next June.* The remark is ſhrewd, and of a very *charitable tendency.*

My firſt addreſs to the Whiteboys was in March eighty-ſix.—A rumour was propagated amongſt the inſurgents, that the Whiteboy-act would be no longer in force after the enſuing June. To guard a deluded multitude againſt every danger to which they might be expoſed, from an expectation of impunity in conſequence of their ignorance of the law, I informed them that the Whiteboy-act would be in force until the month of June, eighty-ſeven. This was a long warning of fifteen months. What means then the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne by his remark? It impreſſes the minds of his readers with the notion that this is Mr. O'Leary's meaning, viz. *The Whiteboy-act will be at end next June; after that time you have nothing to dread, you may go on.* His Lordſhip means this, or means nothing.

What an opinion muſt not ſtrangers to my principles and conduct, form of me when they read the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's pamphlet!

About twenty years ago, when the Whiteboys firſt roſe up in the South, a perſon of conſequence, (who is ſince dead) contributed to the inſurrection, in order to defeat a plan that was then intended by Parliament for the relief of the Catholics, whom by this diabolical ſtratagem, worthy of another Cecil, he intended to render obnoxious to their rulers. I intended to reclaim the Whiteboys by every argument which prudence, as well as religion

gion could ſuggeſt: and as the report of the expiration of the Whiteboy-act in the month of the enſuing June, was propagated amongſt the people, I know not by whom, (but I knew that the motive was ſuch) I thought it incumbent on me to guard the deluded multitude againſt the ſnare, and to ſhelter the honour of the Catholic body, by defeating the deſigns, and diſappointing the hopes of ſuch artful politicians. I would be an enemy to the peace of ſociety, the Catholic body, and to myſelf, if I had written in the ſenſe which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne would fain convey to his readers.—Far from encouraging the inſurgents to proclaim a *truce of three months to concert* their plan in the interim, and renew the war with freſh vigour, at the expiration of the term, (for ſuch muſt be the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's meaning,) I applied for information to a Proteſtant gentleman, who is married to the daughter of a clergyman in the dioceſe of Cloyne, and who wrote to the Whiteboys under the ſignature *of a Dublin Shop-keeper.* If I intended to encourage them in their proceedings, by marking out the time beyond which they had nothing to dread, I would have abridged the term, and pleaded ignorance of the laws.

To examine further into the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's commentaries on my texts, would be not only a loſs of time, *but childiſh.*—Or what muſt the public think of the ingenuity of a Prelate, who conſtrues the *way of the croſs is the road to the crown, into* SEDITION.

I am ſurpriſed that his Lordſhip has not adverted to thoſe words of my laſt addreſs to the Whiteboys, *Multitudes eaſily miſlead, and incapable of drawing the delicate line, to which common ſenſe points out, and of which it ſays, thus far you ſhall go, and no farther.*

I am

I am ſurpriſed that he has not made the following comments on them, *You have done very well in diſturbing the peace of ſociety, cropping cattle, and burning corn; but ſtop now, and wait for a while.* This would have opened a field for his criticiſm, though he ſhould know that the giddy populace, let their complaints be ever ſo well founded, *is eaſily miſled; when once in motion never knows where to ſtop, and can never draw the delicate line which common ſenſe points out, and of which it ſays, thus far you ſhall go;* IF YOU HAVE COMPLAINTS LAY THEM BEFORE YOUR RULERS; BUT GO NO FURTHER. And *no further* ſhall I go in explaining letters which may be read in the Appendix. His query then to me about the Emperor of Germany is not in point. But I ſhall take the liberty of propoſing a query very applicable to the preſent circumſtances.

Quere. What would the Emperor of Germany, who has granted free toleration of all religions with a ſtrict injunction to their teachers, not to divide his ſubjects, or diſtract his dominions with the jarings of controverſy, but to enforce the principles of morality. What would that tolerating Prince think of a Catholic Prelate, who in a pamphlet, would ring the alarm all over his dominions, and inform his Majeſty, that none but *his ſubjects of the eſtabliſhed church were entitled to national confidence*, and thus inſpire his ſubjects, not with mutual confidence, but with mutual jealouſy, fear and diſtruſt? I leave the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne to judge.

When the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne begins his query, with theſe words, *if there were an inſurrection of Proteſtants in Bohemia, for the purpoſe of* ROBBING *the eſtabliſhed Roman Catholic clergy, and there might have been Proteſtants enough if the* PERFIDI-

FIDIOUS CRUELTY *of the late Empreſs had not nearly rooted them out.* *

When his Lordſhip begins his query with ſuch words, I muſt take the liberty of reminding him, that in his ſhort query there are two fallacies.—The firſt fallacy is in theſe words, *if there were an inſurrection of Proteſtants in Bohemia.* For the inſurgents in the South of Ireland, were not merely Catholics, as I have proved in my narrative. They were a motley groupe of different religions, complaining both of tithes and tithe-jobbers. Our readers will be ſurpriſed that in the courſe of our *controverſy*, we have been ſo ſparing of *latin* words; this fallacy then is called by the logicians *a dicto ſimpliciter ad dictum ſecundum quid*; when we confine to *a few what is common to many*, and vice verſa. The ſecond fallacy conſiſts in ſuppoſing that my writings have a tendency to rob *the Proteſtant Clergy*; and this fallacy is called by the logicians *de falſo ſupponente—a falſe ſuppoſition*, which the reſpondent anſwers with a flat denial, by ſaying *nego ſuppoſitum.*

When the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne calls the late Empreſs Queen, *cruel and perfidious*, I wiſh he were a little more courtly and flattering in his epithets; rudeneſs to the fair ſex, from an aſcetick or hermit like me, who by the obligations of celibacy had not an opportunity of poliſhing and refining my manners by a more frequent and friendly intercourſe with the ſofteſt and faireſt part of the creation; rudeneſs in me would have ſome excuſe to plead; but in his attack on the illuſtrious fair, little or no excuſe can be pleaded for the Lord Bi-

* Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's Pamphlet, Page 111, fifth Edition.

ſhop, who from his early days was at liberty to court and to pray; to repeat the Penitential Pſalms with David, and to compliment with Otway:

O woman, lovely woman! nature form'd thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without thee.

Little or no excuſe then can be pleaded in favour of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, when he treats the late Empreſs Queen with ſuch *ſeverity*;* for ſhe was neither *cruel nor perfidious*. His Lordſhip was not a member of her Privy Council, to know the nature of her compacts with, or promiſes to her ſubjects; compacts and promiſes, in the performance of which no Sovereign could be more honourable and punctual. She had in her dominions the deſcendants of thoſe German boors who had attempted to dethrone her anceſtors. Thoſe men were under legal reſtraints for their fathers guilt, in which they had no part. It was their unhappy fate, in common *with many others*, to be victims to human laws, which by a faint reſemblance of Omnipotence, make of the folly, or madneſs, or weakneſs of one generation, a kind of original and hereditary ſin, which afflicts in a long ſucceſſion the innocent poſterity, with this difference, that the offence againſt the Deity is inſtantly forgiven upon repentance, or the application of the remedy which mercy appoints to counter-act the rigour of juſtice. But human legiſlators all over Europe, have given proofs of their omnipotence in penal codes which immortalize the puniſhment ages after the death of the guilt, and require a rigorous atonement

* *Rudeneſs* would be an improper word when I am animadverting on the writings of a Biſhop.

from

from the ſober and innocent deſcendants, for the frenzy of their fore-fathers. They have their patent in ſcripture, wherein we read, *I have ſaid, ye are Gods and all Sons of the moſt High.* But Dryden's Indian Emperor was tortured for paying agreater veneration to the bright luminary of the day, than to a book bound up in ſheep-ſkin, which Pizzaro's chaplain called the Bible, and of which the unhappy Prince knew nothing. To each of thoſe legiſlators who puniſhed their ſubjects for hereditary errors, or their fore-fathers guilt, Dryden's Indian Emperor would ſay,

> If thou art that moſt CRUEL God, whoſe eyes
> Delight in blood, and HUMAN SACRIFICE.

Such was the ſtate of the Huſſites in the Empreſs Queen's dominions, and ſuch was the caſe of Catholics and Diſſenters under Proteſtant Sovereigns, when prelates of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's philanthropy directed their councils; as the Rev. Mr. Samuel Barber of Rathfryland, has ingeniouſly and pointedly remarked to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne.*

The ſtate of the Huſſites in Bohemia was not worſe than the ſtate of the Diſſenters and Catholics in Ireland, even ſo late as the beginning of that illuſtrious Empreſs's reign.

That magnanimous Heroine, ſurrounded on all ſides by numerous and powerful foes, ready to invade her dominions, and to ornament the triumphal car with the proceſſion of a captive Queen, worked up the ſofter ſoul into a martial firmneſs. Reduced to fifteen thouſand men, againſt the numerous armies of powerful Sovereigns, ſhe took in her arms the preſent Emperor, who was then in his

* See Remarks on a Pamphlet, intitled *The Preſent State of the Church of Ireland*, By Samuel Barber.

 cradle,

cradle, ſhewed him to her ſubjects of every religious deſcription, *behold your Prince unable to protect you; defend his rights, and when theſe infant hands will be able to wield the Sceptre, the grateful remembrance of your ſervices will procure you the love, favour, and protection of your Sovereign.*

It was the characteriſtic of the rude courtiers and ſtern divines of Queen Elizabeth's reign, not to pity a Queen in diſtreſs; but at the ſight of Maria Tereſa controuling fortune on the verge of ruin, a generous ardor glowed in every breaſt. Her Proteſtant ſubjects of Hungary flocked to her banners; and as a reward of their loyalty, ſhe repealed the reſtrictive laws which former Sovereigns had enacted. As a proof of her fidelity to her promiſe, ſhe ordered her ſon's picture to be hung up in their houſes of worſhip, making it high treaſon to moleſt them in the exerciſe of their religion. What the mother began in her hereditary kingdom, the ſon completed all over his dominions.

This is the hiſtorical information which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne ſhould have given his readers. But it would not anſwer his ends. *Cruelty, perfidy,* and *perſecution* are his favourite theme; *generoſity, humanity* and *toleration* are quite ſhadowed in his picture. Catholic powers are embracing their ſubjects, without enquiring into their catechiſms. If an enemy of toleration were as induſtrious in tranſlating into French or German, the Biſhop of Cloyne's pamphlet, as he has been in tranſlating Ghilini's letter, and the Biſhop's conſecration oath into Engliſh; violation of faith with heretics, and other charges: if in conſequence of the impreſſion his pamphlet had made on the public mind, Catholic princes, prelates and doctors, read the clauſe propoſing to empower the civil magiſtrates to *pull down, level and proſtrate Roman Catholic* chapels upon the depoſition

ſition of one witneſs; if they read all the pamphlets publiſhed of late againſt the Catholic body, and knew the ſteps that are taking in order to degrade them; I appeal to his Lordſhip, and to the public, whether the Biſhop of Cloyne's pamphlet, and the proceedings now mentioned, would tend to promote toleration?

What was the Biſhop of Cloyne's intention in abuſing the memory of the Empreſs Queen? Why has not he propoſed her good qualities, and the tolerating ſpirit of her ſon as models for imitation? Or does he really believe the caſe of a Bohemian Huſſite now reſtored to the privilege of the great and inalienable charter, to which a man guilty of no perſonal crime againſt the ſtate is intitled? Does he really believe his caſe, and that of an Iriſh Catholic to be quite ſimilar? If the Iriſh Catholics profeſs the religion of the greateſt monarchs, and the creed of flouriſhing Univerſities, one would imagine that their faith ſhould not make them objects of contempt. They introduced no new religion into the ſtate, nor incroached upon any man's property. They had the lands of their fathers, and the religion of their education, ages before their Sovereigns thought fit to change their creeds. Their blood flows in the veins of the Proteſtant nobility and gentry of Ireland, whoſe pedigree is proclaimed the more illuſtrious, in proportion as they trace it back to Catholic times. Their loyalty at home and their valour abroad, when diſqualifying laws, and the thirſt of glory urged them to diſpute the laurel under the banners of foreign kings, cannot diſgrace the kindred or affinity the Catholic noblemen and gentlemen may claim to the Proteſtant nobility and gentry of the land. Had the iſland been even ſubdued by the ſword of the conqueror, conqueſt itſelf has its limits circumſcribed

ſcribed by juſtice. Transfer of allegiance, and the tribute paid to the former Sovereign, is all that the conqueror is intitled to. Locke would grant him no more, but would ſecure in the unchangeable poſſeſſion of their conſciences and inheritance, the ſubjects who had changed their maſters. They had the preſcription of ages to plead for their religion and properties, when the *wrecks* of both were ſecured to them by the laws of nations under the walls of Limerick. This capitulation, which it was in their power to break forty-eight hours after the interchange of the articles, they adhered to inviolably. It was ſhamefully broken by the daughter of the very king to whom they had ſworn allegiance, though from the day on which it was ſigned until this very hour, not a piſtol was fired, or a ſword drawn by a Catholic in this kingdom againſt the ſtate. Such being the caſe, which no man can contradict, what muſt not be the indignation of every man of feeling, when he ſees about two millions of Iriſh ſubjects, treated with as little ceremony as if they were a ſet of negroe ſlaves upon a Weſt India plantation; compared *to a pack of hounds impatient at the view of the game; and to a ſet of treacherous, inſidious, and faithleſs, Popiſh rebels, to be cut off by his majeſty's ſword.* * Could mortals foreſee that in the year eighty ſeven a clauſe would be introduced into the Iriſh Houſe of Commons, for the purpoſe of *pulling down, levelling and proſtrating Roman Catholic chapels, if one witneſs ſwore before two magiſtrates that an unlawful oath was taken in ſaid chapel, or in any place adjoining thereto!* It would be more honourable to

* See Theophilus, called by the Biſhop of Cloyne *an able writer againſt whom it is hard to prove a negative*, and (Prob Deum et hominum fides!) by Counſellor Dominick Trant, *a well meaning writer.*

baniſh

baniſh the whole Catholic body out of the kingdom, after giving them ſufficient time and notice, for ſelling their properties, than to offer them the inſult of propoſing on the evidence of a ſingle witneſs the deſtruction of their houſes of worſhip, in the courſe of the ſame ſeſſion when a member of Parliament talked of *heads of a bill to prevent the ſtealing of dogs.*

We read of two philoſophers in antiquity, the one continually laughing, the other continually crying at the ſcenes of human life. This contraſt would unite them both. Chriſtian houſes of worſhip to be demoliſhed, and the *kennels of dogs* to be protected by law.

After what I have related in the courſe of my narrative, and in the vindication of my writings, I cannot ſee how the Iriſh Catholics deſerved ſuch ſevere and diſgraceful uſage, as to have their houſes of worſhip treated with the ſame indignity, as if they were houſes of proſtitution, or cabinets of leagues and confederacies againſt the crown and dignity of our moſt gracious Sovereign. If they were either the one or the other, they would not be deſtroyed upon the evidence of *one witneſs*, at a time when twenty witneſſes would take a hundred falſe oaths for the twentieth part of the materials (which were propoſed as a reward) for the demoliſhers of chapels: much-leſs would a temple of Venus be demoliſhed, becauſe a thouſand unlawful oaths would be taken in places *adjoining it.* The only fault with which the Catholic body can be upbraided, is their misfortune originating from their attachment to their religion, without any diſloyalty to their Kings; but unfortunate people ought not to be inſulted. The moſt flouriſhing empires, as well as individuals, are not proof againſt the revolutions of time, and the viciſſitudes of fortune.

Marius,

Marius, the great conqueror of the Cimbri, was ſeen in a reclining poſture, and forlorn and half famiſhed on the ruins of Carthage, formerly the rival of Rome. The ſight of ſuch a change diſarmed the officer who was ſent to behead him, when the other cried out, *go and tell the governor that you have ſeen Marius hungry on the ruins of Carthage.*— Travellers pay a certain reſpect to the ruins of old temples and other buildings ſtripped of their former decorations; and it would be matter of ſurprize, if in the very blaze of toleration, the legiſlature of Ireland would pay ſuch little regard to the deſcendants of the people, who in former times opened their houſes and ſeminaries for the reception of all the natives of Europe, who flocked to them for improvement, and erected magnificent ſtructures in honour of the deity, as to force them to pray in the open air. The diſſolution of morals amongſt the lower orders, deprived of a place of worſhip, and the ſcandal of Europe would be the conſequence of ſuch a rigorous law. The Iriſh ſenate foreſaw it, and to their honour rejected the clauſe.

The Catholics of Ireland ſhould be very thankful to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne for endeavouring to procure them the confidence of their rulers.— And the Diſſenters and Catholics of Ireland are no leſs thankful to you, Counſellor Trant, for your kind aſſiſtance in becoming his auxiliary, and painting both as *internal confederated enemies againſt the conſtitution.** You doubtleſs glory in a revolution which has ſpread the broad baſis of your civil and religious liberty. You ſhould not have forgotten the heroes of Enniſkillen, nor the defenders of Derry againſt the forces of James the Second, to whom the latter had ſworn allegiance, and whoſe ſon-in-

* See Counſellor Trant's Pamphlet.

law

law the former had placed on the throne. For a gentleman who is ſo well verſed in hiſtory as you are, ſhould know that the combined efforts of the Diſſenters and Catholics could have turned the ſcale at that critical period, and put a ſpeedy end to the conteſts. Both parties were well rewarded for their exertions in ſupport of the cauſe which to each ſeemed beſt. The daughter rivetted the chains of the Diſſenters, who had procured her the throne, by the exaltation of her brother-in-law; and gave the *coup de grace* to the Catholics, for having fought in her father's cauſe, before they could have any notion that ſhe would ſway the ſceptre which dropped from his feeble and unnerved hands. Since that memorable æra, ſo undeſervedly degrading to both, the Diſſenters and Catholics of Ireland have behaved with equal loyalty to each ſucceeding monarch.

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne and you have paid them a very handſome compliment.—The Biſhop excludes them from *national confidence*, on account of their readineſs *to pull down and ſet up*; and you proclaim them *internal confederated enemies againſt the conſtitution.*

The Reverend Mr. Barber has ſhaved the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne with a keen and poliſhed razor; and he is very capable of trimming your pamphlet. May I aſk you a few queſtions? Can you aſſign a reaſon for calling Theophilus a *well-meaning writer?* —Is it for calling your fleſh and blood *a pack of hounds?* You are the ſon of reſpectable Roman Catholic parents. You need not bluſh at it, for the reaſons already alledged. Is it in your father's loyal and hoſpitable family, you have diſcovered any plot againſt the ſtate? Is it amongſt the reſpectable Diſſenters and Catholics of the county of Cork? You have travelled over the moſt refined

nations in Europe, and converſed with the Roman nobility, not far from the tombs of Scipio and Emilius. In Catholic countries have you diſcovered any treacherous correſpondence between the Catholics of Ireland and the Princes of the houſes of Bourbon and Sardinia, whom your *well-meaning Theophilus* points out as their deliverers? You go over the ſame ground with the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, and talk of *Papiſts diſarming Proteſtants*. Did not this happen in the night time? Are you ſo clear-ſighted as to diſcover a man's religion in the dark, when you were ſlumbering on your pillow? I doubt not but that ſome Proteſtants gave up their arms with as much reluctance as Counſellor Trant would reach forth his hand to receive the *Commiſſion of a Judge, when the Quarter-Seſſions* are to be eſtabliſhed in Munſter, or the patent of a *Vicar General*.—For numbers of them would not be much concerned if proctors, tithe-canters, and tithes, were at a great diſtance beyond *Purgatory*; which contributed ſo much to the eſtabiſhment of thoſe church revenues, which give the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne and the Counſellor an occaſion of rough-handling the Catholics and Diſſenters of Ireland. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne preaches againſt what he deems *the ſuperſtition*; but likes to live well by the inſtitution to which it gave riſe.

In the ſame ſtrain with the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, you ſpeak of notices *threatening to burn a new church, and to change an old church into a maſs-houſe*.

Is Counſellor Trant in earneſt? Does he really believe that a Catholic ever poſted up that notice? Is the *new church burnt? Is the old church ſprinkled with holy water?* If he gave himſelf the trouble

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to read my addreſſes to the White-boys, with the ſame attention with which Doctor Woodward read them in order to brand me with *ſedition*; he muſt have known the manner in which I ridiculed the idea. Where would they have found a chaplain to give them maſs in that church? Or does Counſellor Trant believe that night ſtrollers who would not hear maſs from their own paſtors, would die martyrs for prayers near the Biſhop of Cloyne's communion table? Apage Nugæ! This I remarked before, and I here repeat it. But will Mr. O'Leary deny that ſuch a notice was poſted up? By no means. He has read the memoirs of artful knaves, and knows that there are ſtill living, and will be found to the end of time ingenious Hoyles, who can lay down rules for playing *a game of political whiſt*. A Cardinal, whoſe life was a diſgrace to the purple, got information that Pope Innocent the eleventh, intended to expel him the Sacred College, in conſequence of complaints daily preferred againſt him to his eminence; the crafty courtier wrote to the Pope an anonymous letter againſt himſelf, informing his Holineſs that the Cardinal was ſo profligate, that a Roman lady was to be found with him the following night, in ſuch an apartment of his palace, and requeſting his Holineſs to procure perſonal information; the Pope, who was a man of the moſt rigid morals, came with his guards in the dead of night to the Cardinal's palace, and forced his way into the apartment, where to his ſurprize, he found the *holy-man* with his arms expanded before a Crucifix, and on his bare knees upon a flag inſtead of a carpet. The ſtratagem ſucceeded, and from that night forward he never would liſten to any complaints againſt the Cardinal. Rather the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne and Counſellor Trant, muſt produce the perſon who poſted up the *notice*

threatening to burn a new church, or leave me at liberty to attribute the notice to a much ſimilar ſtratagem. They ſhould have enquired whether *tithe-jobbers* did not contrive to ſet fire to their own corn, in order to prevent any alteration in the ſyſtem of tithes, and to draw the vengeance of the laws upon deluded peaſants, who were already but too obnoxious. Many evidences ſhould be produced to ſupport Counſellor Trant's charge; and if he produced ten thouſand, not one of them, but upon examination, would be diſcovered a falſe witneſs.

That Doctor Woodward, the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, come from Weſtminſter School to enjoy an Iriſh Biſhoprick, ſhould inſult the natives of Ireland, both Diſſenters and Catholics, by excluding them *from confidence*, I am not ſurpriſed. Every allowance muſt be made for the prejudices of early education. Perhaps at the age of twenty, he imagined that the Iriſh *walked upon all fours*, as an Engliſh Judge at the age of forty, a few years ago, wrote to his agent, to know whether there was a ſlated houſe in Dublin, to hire for his accommodation on his arrival. His Lordſhip is further by his profeſſion and conſecration hoſtile *to all doctrines except his own*, and intereſted in tithes, which in Ireland bring him in a greater income than he could expect in England. But that Counſellor Trant, a native of the land, a man of the world, whoſe mind ſhould be enlarged by a more extenſive intercourſe with people of every deſcription, and a gentleman of an independent fortune, ſhould ſtand forth as a *pamphlet writer*, in ſupport of the charges of the *well-meaning*, ſcurrilous and ſlanderous Theophilus, muſt be to his acquaintances a matter of ſurpriſe. There is not however, a *fortune-teller* in the county of Cork, but could gueſs at the reaſon;

reaſon; and the reaſon muſt be very preſſing, when Counſellor Trant commits himſelf with almoſt the bulk of the natives of Ireland, by calling them *internal confederated enemies againſt the conſtitution* of this kingdom.

It is to be expected that in the ſecond edition, and all future editions of his pamphlet, he will mark down in large legible characters the above aſſertion amongſt the *errata*; otherwiſe he muſt ſanctify himſelf amongſt *the beneficed clergy*, for no Diſſenting or Catholic gentleman can with any warmth of affection keep company with their accuſer.

The ſenate of the nation is now aſſembled. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne and Counſellor Trant are in Dublin: and I am here to meet them.—I call on them both in the face of the kingdom, to bring forth their charges againſt the Catholic body. I call on them to contradict what I have related. I call on them to prove *a Popiſh confederacy* againſt church or ſtate. I cite them before the ſenate of the nation.—They are ſilent, they decline the ſummons. Let the reader infer the conſequence.

SECTION

SECTION THE THIRD;

CONTAINING

A Refutation of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's Arguments, drawn from the Legate's Letter and the Catholic Biſhop's Conſecration Oath.

IN the perſecutions againſt the primitive Chriſtians, their enemies uſed to dreſs them in the ſkins of ſheep and other animals, and after having forced on their bodies their livery of contempt, uſed to cry out *Chriſtiani ad beſtias; to the wild beaſts with the Chriſtians.* The enemies of the Catholics of this kingdom have been ſo induſtrious of late, in dreſſing them in a ſtrange drapery, and attributing to *them ſedition, hoſtility to the ſtate, and doctrines inconſiſtent with the ſecurity of the throne,* as to excite a general clamour *Catholici ad funem; to the halter with the Catholics.* To refute every charge would make up a volume. My defence is already ſwelled to a tolerable ſize; and after a full vindication of the Catholic body, and of my own conduct, I think it needleſs to take up my reader's time with any farther tedious diſcuſſions.

However, as the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne has favoured the public with a tranſlation of Ghilini's letter, and the Catholic Biſhop's conſecration oath, I muſt treſpaſs further on the patience of my readers. The Catholic body muſt be groſly miſrepreſented

preſented if the public are to believe that the opinions of Caſuiſts make a part of their creed. Were I to ſum up all the erroneous opinions of the Divines who profeſſed themſelves members of the church of England, and the opinions of ſeveral other Proteſtant Divines; did I collect them all into a volume with this title, THE CREED OF THE RIGHT REVEREND DOCTOR WOODWARD, THE LORD BISHOP OF CLOYNE, how would he gaze with aſtoniſhment, and exclaim againſt my want of ſincerity and candour! In the very ſuppoſition then, that Burke and Ghilini were really of the opinion which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne attributes to them, how far does it affect the Catholics of Ireland, or the Catholics all over the world? When the Elector of Saxony propoſed a caſe of conſcience to Luther and Melanchthon, to know whether in the abſence of his wife or during her pregnancy he would make uſe of another? Thoſe Caſuiſts anſwered in the affirmative. A caſe of conſcience much ſimilar was propoſed to Biſhop Burnet. After labouring much, and torturing texts of Scripture, the *humane* Divine decided that polygamy was lawful. Would it not be ridiculous in me, to force into the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's conſcience, ſuch deciſions as articles of creed? Nay, ſome Proteſtant Divines went further. Doctor Dopping, Biſhop of Meath, preached publicly in Chriſt-church, Dublin, *that violation of faith with Catholics was lawful*, in juſtification of the breach of the articles of Limerick. To ſeveral Chriſtian Divines then can be applied, what Cicero ſaid of the philoſophers of his time, *that there was no abſurdity ſo glaring, but had ſome philoſopher to ſupport it.* If then the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne intends to ſwell the Catholic creed, with the opinions of Catholic Schoolmen, I ſhall repay him tenfold, by ſending

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to him a collection of abſurdities and ſtrange doctrines advanced by Proteſtant authors. Every man of ſenſe will acknowledge this a ſufficient anſwer to his Lordſhip's remark on Ghilini's letter. And what is Ghilini's opinion to countervail the doctrine ſworn to by the Prelates and Catholics of Ireland, both clergy and laity? Or does the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne intend to hold us up to our King and Country, as unprincipled perjurers? This is ſevere uſage to men, labouring under ſo many diſqualifications, becauſe they refuſe to take an oath againſt the conviction of their conſciences. Let the moſt profligate amongſt us ſwear againſt our whole creed, he is believed, and becomes an adoptive child of the ſtate. When we ſwear againſt imputed doctrines without fee or reward, it is hard indeed if we deſerve no credit. But without being an apologiſt for Ghilini, much leſs for Burke, has the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne fairly ſtated the caſe, and the principles on which the titular Archbiſhop of Rhodes rejected the oath, which in reality he did not, nor could underſtand as well as the Catholics of Ireland? Did he ſay, or could he have the abſurd effrontery to ſay that Catholics could not in conſcience ſwear allegiance to a Proteſtant King, when in the pureſt ages of the Chriſtian Religion, the primitive Chriſtians ſwore allegiance to the Heathen Cæſars? When the rigid Tertullian, a ſtranger to fear or flattery, who would expire in the tortures of the rack for his belief, has left us an abridgment of the prayer offered up by Chriſtian ſubjects for their pagan rulers. "We "pray, ſays this great man, *We pray for the Empe-* "*rors*, and that God may grant them a long life "and a quiet reign: that their family may be ſafe, "and their forces valiant: their ſenate wiſe, their "people orderly and virtuous: that they may rule

"in

" in peace, and enjoy all the bleſſings they can " deſire either as men or princes. ET OMNIA " QUÆ TENDUNT AD CÆSARIS VOTUM." *

Upon what ground does Ghilini reject the oath? *From ignorance.* It is evident from his letter that he did not know the nature of it. His very words prove it to demonſtration. I ſhall give them in the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's own tranſlation.

EXTRACT FROM GHILINI'S LETTER.

" Beſides, whether he be inviolably bound as the " new form preſcribes, to be always true and faith- " ful to his Majeſty, which is afterwards explained " to affirm upon oath ACCORDING TO THE SENSE " INTENDED BY THE LAWS OF IRELAND, is to me " a very DUBIOUS POINT. [Remark here, Iriſh reader, how Ghilini *doubts.*] " For ſince the " laws of England and Ireland recognize the King " as head of the Church, and the fountain of its " ſpiritual authority, he who takes ſuch an oath " and promiſes to be faithful to his Majeſty, ac- " cording to the preſcription of the laws of Ireland, " might alſo recognize the King as head of the " Church, and the fountain of its ſpiritual autho- " rity. Should it happen that ſuch expreſſions " either were or could be ſo underſtood, your moſt " illuſtrious Lordſhips and each of the Catholics " themſelves, ought to take notice that this is a " moſt manifeſt error, and directly contrary to the " principles of the Catholic religion, which ac- " knowledges only one head and fountain of all " ſpiritual authority, namely, the Roman Pontiff."

From theſe very words the reader may know that the Nuncio did not know the nature of the oath. He confounds *civil* and *eccleſiaſtical* juriſ-

* Tertullian's Apology.

diction, and imagines that the Iriſh legiſlature propoſed an oath of allegiance to the Catholics, binding them to acknowledge the King as *Pope, head of the univerſal Church, and the fountain of all ſpiritual authority*; whereas they only ſwore that *no foreign Prince, Prelate or Potentate, hath or ought to have any civil juriſdiction within theſe realms.* Hence the *doubts and ignorance* of an Italian Caſuiſt, are trumpeted over three Kingdoms, as articles of Catholic belief, and waved as ſo many ſignals for perſecution.

Nor does the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne diſcriminate the clauſes of the oath from each other; nor explain the diſtinctions of which Ghilini's letter is ſuſceptible, with that accuracy to which he ſhould have attended if he expected an anſwer.

In the ſame period of the oath, there are two clauſes; the one diſclaiming *violation of faith with heretics*, as an article of Catholic belief: the other diſclaiming *the depoſition of Kings*, in conſequence of Papal excommunications. The Legate gives his opinion, that the condemnation of the latter as *abominable* is abſolutely *intolerable*, becauſe, according to him, *this doctrine* (HANC DOCTRINAM) has been *defended and contended for* by moſt *Catholic nations, and the Holy See has frequently followed it in practice.*

It is to be remarked, that he ſpeaks in the ſingular number *(doctrinam hanc)* and alludes to the *indirect* depoſing power, ſupported by ſome ultramontane Canoniſts, whom the Legate in conſequence of his prejudices in favour of the court of Rome, enlarges into *moſt Catholic nations. For violation of faith with heretics was never defended nor contended for by Catholic nations, much leſs by the Apoſtolic See.* But it has been deteſted and exclaimed againſt, as a black ſlander, invented by indelicate contro-

controvertiſts, in order to miſrepreſent the Catholic doctrine, and to bring an odium on the Apoſtolic See. This the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne ſhould know.

If he had no authority but that of Doctor Hayes, who proved it a ſlander five or ſix years ago in Scotland; or of Mr. O'Leary, who exclaimed againſt it as a ſlander about the ſame time in Ireland, and who proclaims it a ſlander ſtill; the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne might plead the pliant policy of men, who under the terror of proſecution were obliged to ſoften their doctrine. But when he reads Natalis Alexander, a Dominican friar, in his Diſſertations on Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory; Arnaldus, in his apology, and ſo many Catholic divines writing in Catholic countries, againſt *violation of faith with heretics*, and making it out downright ſlander; the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne might have ſpared himſelf the trouble of tranſlating Ghilini's letter. That Legate then muſt allude to the indirect depoſing power exploded all over the world, though ſupported by ſome Italian Canoniſts, and unſuccesfully attempted by ſome Popes, not in conſequence of any divine right, but in conſequence of a temporal claim, founded either on compacts or a long preſcription pleaded againſt monarchs, whoſe predeceſſors had rendered their kingdoms tributary to the Holy See.

If the Proteſtant Biſhop of Cloyne, who is ſo ardent for the ſecurity of his tithes, (the occaſion of ſo many diſturbances in this kingdom) had the ſame title to Peter's-pence, and been as powerful as the Roman Pontiffs were at the beginning of the reformation, he would have been as clamorous as Pope Paul the Fourth, and Sixtus Quintus, who conſidered England, as *a fief* of the Holy

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See.* For the *generality* of church-men, however divided as to creeds, agree very well in one point, viz. *not to part with what they have.*—— Hence they are called *Mortmain* in law form, perhaps from the *gripe of a dead man's hand.* The beſt manner of living on good terms with them, is to give them all, and take nothing from them. But ſuch is not the preſent humour of Catholic monarchs, who without any breach of the Catholic doctrine, and in defiance of the thunders of the Vatican, lay ſiege to the Pope's cities, if he gives them any provocation. In vain would he fulminate his excommunications on the ſcore of temporalities. They are conſidered as a *fulmen brutum.* The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne then either miſunderſtands Ghilini's letter, or tortures it as he has tortured Mr. O'Leary's writings. I would ſtake my life this very inſtant, that if the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne wrote to the Nuncio, and aſked him if he meant in his letter that *violation of faith with heretics, was a doctrine defended, contended for by moſt Catholic nations, and frequently followed in practice by the Holy See*; I would ſtake my life that the Nuncio would write to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, a very obliging letter, in which he would diſclaim any ſuch meaning, equally with the doctrine. The Nuncio mentions in his letter, *doctrinam, doctrine.*—The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne changes *doctrine* into *doctrines*, the plural number, in the following manner, page 22 of his pamphlet.

" The Legate treats the clauſes in the propoſed " oath, containing a declaration of abhorrence and

* This was the anſwer of Pope Paul the Fourth, to Queen Elizabeth's Ambaſſadors.

" deteſta-

" deteſtation of the DOCTRINES, that *faith is not to* " *be kept with Heretics*; and that princes deprived " by the Pope may be depoſed, *as abſolutely intole-* " *rable*, becauſe thoſe DOCTRINES are defended " and contended for by moſt Catholic nations." Had the Legate expreſſed himſelf in the ſame identical words with the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, there would be no need of any comment. We would condemn the Legate's ignorance, and the horror of his doctrine in a more pointed manner. But here it is a Roman courtier, who is ſo zealous for the honour of his ultramontane Canoniſts, who ſupported the diſcarded depoſing power, and takes offence that their DOCTRINE ſhould be called *abominable*; and for this reaſon ſays, that ſuch a ſtricture is *intolerable*. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, from *brotherly love*, increaſes the *eccleſiaſtical funds*, by adding to the Archbiſhop of Rhodes's doctrine of the *indirect depoſing power*, VIOLATION OF FAITH WITH HERETICS, of which the other certainly could not think. Thus one Prelate ſhews an extraordinary generoſity in beſtowing on his Confrere more than he would ACCEPT OF. Nothing more then can be inferred from this letter, than that the Titular Archbiſhop of Rhodes *doubts* the validity of an oath, of the nature of which he expreſſes his *ignorance*, in imagining that the Catholics of Ireland intended to make *a Pope* of their Sovereign. In his very ignorance he nevertheleſs ſhews the abhorrence in which he holds a falſe oath. Whereas in the alternative of perjury or ſuffering, he recommends to the Catholics to ſuffer for ever under the penal laws, ſooner than to take an oath which he deems erroneous. The ſame can be ſaid of Burke, who calls it *horrible impiety*, to ſay that a Catholic who had ſworn allegiance to George the Third,

Third, ſhould abjure the ſame King if he became a Catholic. Under the change of religion, he conſiders the oath taken to a Proteſtant King ſtill binding, when he alters his creed. Of what advantage then Ghilini's letter can be to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's cauſe, after the buſtle it has occaſioned, let the reader determine. This caſe of conſcience propoſed to an Italian, by a doating Prelate who filled up a volume with minutiæ and trifling occurrences, concerns the Catholics of Ireland as much as the queſtion which Rabelais propoſed to the logicians; *whether a chimæra bouncing in a vacuum, could eat up the premiſſes of a ſyllogiſm? Numquid chimæra in vacuo, bombinans poſſit comedere, primas intentiones?*

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne cries out with an air of triumph, *who is the voucher to be ſet in oppoſition to the Legate of the Pope?* And I raiſe my voice in my turn. *Who is the Pope's Legate? A man who did not know the nature of the ſubject of his letter, to be ſet in oppoſition to the Catholic clergy of Ireland? Or who is the Pope himſelf, to be ſet in oppoſition to all ages acknowledging the right that Temporal Princes have to the allegiance of their ſubjects; whether thoſe Princes were Trajans or Conſtantines? Or who is the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, to be fabricating creeds for his neighbours?* Are not Catholic Prelates better and more competent vouchers of the Catholic doctrine, than a perſon reared out of their communion? He may alarm the ignorant with a letter which the Catholic Prelates condemned in the year 1775. If he attacks the Catholics on a fair ground, why does not he explain their genuine principles? Or does he intend to ſport with common ſenſe, in erecting the deciſion of every doating Caſuiſt, into an article of Catholic belief? If he does, I ſhall meet him on his own ground and ſwell his creed

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to an enormous bulk; by adding to it the reveries and extravagant opinions of thoſe writers who attacked the church of Rome, and at the ſame time ſtruck into thoſe devious paths, in which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne muſt acknowledge that ſcripture was not their guide; or if he acknowledges it, he muſt renounce his creed.

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne has favoured the public with the Catholic Biſhops conſecration oath. And from what motive? To inſinuate to the public, that the oath of allegiance they have taken to their ſovereign is not to be relied on, and conſequently that they and their flocks are not to be truſted. I ſhould imagine that common juſtice ſhould have induced him, not to throw out ſuch an injurious intimation, and that the Catholic Prelates are the moſt competent judges of the ſenſe and meaning of an oath which they take at their conſecration.

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne has tranſlated the entire oath at the cloſe, and given the moſt obnoxious clauſes of it in the 23d page of his pamphlet. Let us now examine the moſt obnoxious clauſes of this oath.—*For as to viſiting the threſholds of the Apoſtles every three years*; I believe the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne would not quarrel with his fellow Prelates, whom his pamphlet is calculated to tranſport out of the kingdom.

I. "They promiſe to be faithful and obedient "to Saint Peter the Apoſtle, and to the Holy Ro- "man Church, and to their Lord the Pope, and "his ſucceſſors canonically entering"

II. "The Roman Papacy, and the royalties of "Saint Peter, to aſſiſt the Pope and his ſucceſſors, "to retain and defend againſt every man."

III. "The

III. " The rights, honours, privileges and au-
" thority of the Holy Roman Church, and of
" their Lord the Pope, and his ſucceſſors afore-
" ſaid, to be careful to preſerve, defend, enlarge,
" and promote."

IV. " Heretics, ſchiſmatics and rebels, againſt
" their ſaid Lord, and his ſucceſſors, aforeſaid,
" they will to the utmoſt of their power, proſecute
" and oppoſe."

V. " Not to be concerned in any thing prejudi-
" cial to the Pope or Roman Church; but as far
" as they are able to prevent the ſame."

Such are the obnoxious clauſes of the Biſhop's conſecration oath, in the midſt of which is inſerted in expreſs words, a ſaving clauſe which ſpeaks the dignity of Catholic Biſhops, and reconciles their allegiance to their reſpective Sovereigns with the Canonical obedience due to their head paſtor.—*Salvo meo ordine.—Saving my order.* This clauſe does away every difficulty, and leaves the ſceptre in the Prince's hands, whilſt it leaves the cenſer in the hands of the Pontiff.

The oath then is but an oath of canonical obedience due from an Inferior to a Superior, in every church that acknowledges a Hierarchy. But an oath of *allegiance* is due to Temporal Princes alone; And doubtleſs the Biſhops in the Pope's ſtates can take both one and the other, for in thoſe ſtates they have no other Sovereign.

When then they bind themſelves to *preſerve, defend, enlarge and promote the rights, honours, privileges and authority of the Roman Church and its Pontiff!* Catholic Biſhops mean their JUST rights, their JUST honours, their JUST privileges, their JUST authority, which do not nor can extend to the

over-

overthrow of ſtates, nor to the uſurpation of the juſt and lawful *rights, honours, privileges, and authority* of others.

For an oath is not a tie of iniquity. An unjuſt oath taken to God himſelf is not binding; and an oath taken to one perſon to the prejudice of another is null and void. Hence the religious warrior in the ſcripture, who in conſequence of his oath offered up his daughter, offered to God a ſacrilegious ſacrifice. Herod, who bound himſelf by oath to give the young woman who danced in his preſence, whatever ſhe required, was guilty of murder in giving her the Prophet's head. And the Biſhops would be guilty of robbery, treachery and profanation, if they bound themſelves by their conſecration to dethrone their Sovereigns, plunder individuals, and diſturb the peace and order of civil ſociety, *to defend, enlarge and promote the royalties of Saint Peter*, which are merely confined to a Spiritual Supremacy, and extend to no ſuperiority in temporals. Let the form of words be what it may, the Biſhops never take that oath in any ſenſe injurious to Sovereigns, nor to civil ſociety. The Sovereign Pontiff knows they do not.—Before they are conſecrated, they muſt ſwear allegiance to their reſpective Sovereigns, who are as jealous of their privileges as any Proteſtant monarchs.

Oaths and laws are liable to interpretation; and one general rule prevails, that *a greater ſtreſs is to be laid on the ſenſe than on the words*. The Biſhops are not only the moſt competent judges of their own meaning, but moreover ſecure their own dignity, and the rights of their reſpective Sovereigns, by an expreſs clauſe; *Salvo meo ordine, Saving my order*, as a Biſhop who receives his juriſdiction and the right of determining on doctrinal matters by his conſecration, and not as a vaſ-

ſal or vicegerent of the Pope. *Salvo meo ordine, Saving my order*, as a ſubject bound to give Cæſar his due, and to pay allegiance to the reigning powers in whoſe ſtates I reſide. *Salvo meo ordine, Saving my order*, as a Miniſter of the Goſpel, who is to preach the word, and who takes his oath in no other ſenſe, than to *proſecute* by arguments, and *impugn* by perſuaſion, reaſon and good example, thoſe who are of a different perſuaſion, and are willing to be convinced. Any other *proſecution or perſecution*, let the term be what it may, is inconſiſtent with humanity, much more with the *order* of a Chriſtian Prelate, who takes not, who cannot take the oath in any other ſenſe. He cannot take the ſword out of the hands of the civil magiſtrates, nor injure any deſcription of men who are under the protection of the ſtate.

Does the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne mean to hold up the Catholic Prelates all over the world, as a ſet of perjurers? Are the Catholic Biſhops in Germany, ſome of whom are Sovereign Princes, with numbers of religious deſcriptions in their ſtates, are they perjurers?

This cavil at the Catholic Biſhops conſecration oath, is but a diſpute about words. They themſelves know beſt in what ſenſe they take it; and no Catholic Prelate on earth takes it in the ſenſe which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne intimates to the public.

When the Proctors of the Court of Arches are ſworn into office, they bind themſelves by oath, without any *Salvo or reſerving clauſe, never to impugn, diminiſh, or abridge the rights, liberties, or privileges of the Church of Canterbury in any* MANNER WHATEVER. QUOQUO MODO.

Nunquam ad impugnationem, diminutionem, vel læſionem juris, libertatis, vel privilegii Cantuarienſis, Eccleſiæ

Eccleſiæ poſtulabo; nec jus libertatem, vel privilegium ejuſdem Eccleſiæ QUOQUO MODO, *impugnabo*, &c. (vide *ſtatuta de arcubus*, Stratford.)—Yet Oughton in his *ordo judiciorum*, *De cauſis teſtamentrus*; Titulus, 224, acknowledges that in certain caſes they can decline the juriſdiction of the Court of Prerogative, though it is incumbent on them in ſuch caſes to proceed with the greateſt and moſt delicate ſincerity, in order not to incur the guilt of perjury, "Notandum tamen eſt quod expedit pro-"curatori neganti juriſdictionem curiæ prærogati-"væ, bonā et optimā fide alias committit per-"jurium."

It is well known, that the prerogative courts claim juriſdiction in many caſes in which the courts of common law deny them juriſdiction; yet it would be as abſurd to ſay that the Proctors of thoſe prerogative courts are enemies to the laws of the realm, or perjure themſelves in conſequence of their oath, as it is abſurd to imagine that Catholic Biſhops are by their profeſſion hoſtile to the rights and privileges of their reſpective Sovereigns, or perjure themſelves by taking an oath of Canonical obedience. In the Prelates oath, there is an expreſs ſaving clauſe.—In the Proctors oath there is no reſerve, but ſuch as juſtice and reaſon imply: all oaths muſt be reaſonable and juſt. And in the interpretation of them, the intention of the ſwearers and of thoſe to whom they are taken, and the ſenſe in which both parties underſtand them, are to be ſtrictly attended to.

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne then might with propriety have ſpared himſelf the trouble of alarming the public with the conſecration oath of Catholic Prelates; eſpecially as his own conſecration oath is not ſo favourable if literally taken for

want of the dignified ſaving clauſe inſerted in the oath of Catholic Biſhops.

COPY of the LORD BISHOP of CLOYNE's CONSECRATION OATH.

(Taken from the ENGLISH CARDINAL.)

The Arch-biſhop's Interrogatory to the Biſhop-Elect.

" ARE you ready, with all faithful diligence, " to baniſh and drive away all erroneous and all " ſtrange doctrines, contrary to God's word, and " both privately and openly to call upon and en- " courage others to the ſame?

Anſwer. " I am ready, the Lord being my " helper."

The reader may judge whether the above oath be not tantamount to *proſecute and impugn Heretics and Schiſmaticks.* Nay it goes further; for the Catholic Prelate uſes the dignified language of *Salvo meo ordine, and does not bind himſelf to call upon and encourage others privately and openly to the ſame.* What an alarming comment would not malevolent writers make on the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's conſecration oath in thoſe Proteſtant and Catholic ſtates, where free toleration is granted, if they were as active in excluding the members of the church of England from *national confidence*, as the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne has been in excluding Iriſh Diſſenters and Catholics; or Counſellor Dominick Trant, who calls them *internal confederated enemies againſt the conſtitution.*

How theſe words *privately encouraging others*, would be tortured to the prejudice of the two Biſhops,

Biſhops, who were conſecrated the other day in Lambeth Palace, in order to inſtruct their flocks in America, where unfettered conſcience enjoys that innate freedom of which teſts and penalties have deprived unhappy perſecuted mortals!

The affinity of one oath with the other was ſo glaring, that it drew equal vengeance on the Biſhops of the Church of England, as well as on the Catholics, during thoſe unhappy ſcenes which diſtracted England in the reign of Charles the firſt. *Papiſts and Malignants* were equally obnoxious to people who perceived ſuch a thin partition between both, and a ſimilarity of ceremonies, mitres, confirmations, conſecrations and oaths, ſcarce diſcernible.

What is the meaning of the words, to "baniſh "and drive away all erroneous and ſtrange doc-"trines, and encourage others privately and open-"ly to the ſame?" The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, who muſt believe that Biſhops are *jure divino*, muſt believe the doctrine of the Diſſenters ſtrange and erroneous. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, who believes that two ſacraments are neceſſary to ſalvation, muſt believe the doctrine of the Quakers *ſtrange and erroneous*. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, who believes the Catholics to be Idolaters, violators of faith with Heretics, muſt believe their doctrine ENORMOUSLY *and* HORRIDLY *ſtrange and erroneous*. What is then the conſequence? That the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne is bound to baniſh and drive away the Diſſenters, Catholics, Quakers: in a word, all Adam's children who do not profeſs his creed. His pamphlet ſhews it. His Lordſhip hints to a diſpenſing power in the Church of Rome, I moſt earneſtly recommend a diſpenſation with any oath, which deprives mortals of the rights to which they are entitled by nature, and which they have not forfeited

depoſing power, and the implicit obedience due to his mandates? Who can name a Prince depoſed by the Pope, in virtue of his ſpiritual authority? Can the Prince be named who parted tamely with his crown, and opened his gates when Saint Peter ſounded the trumpet and ordered him to ſurrender? If in a memorable diſpute between a Pope and an Emperor, about inveſtitutes, the latter was worſted, it was a conteſt in which compacts and agreements were pleaded on both ſides, and ſupported by powerful parties; but in this very conteſt have not Catholic ſubjects fought againſt the Pope in defence of their Sovereign? Have not the Catholic Barons and Clergy of England, with Archbiſhop Langton at their head, obtained the great charter of Engliſh liberty, in defiance of the threats, menaces, and excommunications of Pope Innocent the third? Is it for any degeneracy peculiar to the Roman Catholic religion, which makes contemptible cowards of its votaries? The gallant *Richard Cœur de lion*, was the admiration of Europe and Aſia; whereas James the Firſt, whom the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne admires for his wiſe ſaying, *no Biſhop no King*, uſed to ſhut his eyes whenever he drew the ſword to perform the ceremony of dubbing a Knight. Is it for want of valour and heroiſm? The Heroes of Agincourt and Creſſi, who ſaid their beads on the evening of thoſe memorable battles, which will immortalize them in the annals of the world, were as brave as Marlborough, who was obliged to make a declaration of war againſt the Virgin Mary before he could draw his ſword in Flanders. Is it on account of the alloy of ſlavery, peculiarly blended with their profeſſion?

When

When Attila flew over Italy like a vulture, a few Catholics, unable to reſiſt by land, took ſhelter in the ſea; and like the Halcyon that builds his neſt on the calm ſurface of the water, in that very element they laid the foundation of a Republic, equally famous for preſerving its liberties againſt the Popes of Rome, and the Turkiſh Emperors of Conſtantinople. Without any breach of faith, or rupture of Catholic communion, the keys of Saint Peter painted on the Pontiff's Tiara, and the creſcent raiſed on the top of the Saracen's turbant, are equally obnoxious to Catholic republicans, if either nodded at any attempt againſt their liberties. Where then can the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne find the truth of his aſſertion, that *deſpotic States have found in the Papal authority a congenial ſyſtem of arbitrary dominion?* Has not the Temple of Liberty (from whoſe very corners he endeavours to exclude the natives of theſe realms), been erected by Catholic hands, long before Langton could foreſee that a Biſhop would miſrepreſent his creed? Have not Catholic States oppoſed *this Papal authority ſo congenial*, according to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, with *the ſyſtem of arbitrary dominion.* Are not Proteſtant Monarchs as deſpotic as Catholic Kings? Does not the ſmall Republic of Raguſa change its governor every month, leſt a longer continuance in office would enable him to become the petty ſovereign of a ſmall territory? Where is this *congeniality of Papal authority with arbitrary dominion*, ſo interwoven with the frame of a Catholic creed as to make them inſeparable? Or can a Biſhop be ſo much a ſtranger to human nature, as to be ignorant of one of its moſt undeniable principles? *One man reſembles another, and every one chuſes to be free.*

SECTION THE FOURTH;

CONTAINING

CURSORY REMARKS on the LORD BISHOP of CLOYNE'S PAMPHLET.

HAD I not ſeen the Reverend Mr. Barber's pamphlet, and got information that ſtrictures on the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's publication are ſent to the preſs, by a gentleman of more diſtinguiſhed abilities than I can pretend to, I would examine his Lordſhip's poſitions in every ſection of his work. Others have exempted me from the taſk. And my principal deſign was to enterin to a full vindication of the Catholic body, and of myſelf, whom his Lordſhip's work is calculated to render peculiarly obnoxious to the reigning powers.

After having committed himſelf, with the Diſſenters and Catholics, he makes a peculiar attack on the regular clergy by an innuendo, that *agitating friars and Romiſh miſſionaries, may be ſent here to ſow ſedition.* I challenged his Lordſhip in the public papers, and in the courſe of my defence to produce one. He cannot. —He hints that Theophilus may have ſome information of ſuch. Let Theophilus appear, and he ſhall be branded as a lying witneſs. I am extremely ſorry that his Lordſhip ſhould mention ſuch a ſlanderer in his pamphlet; as for my part, my

my landlord, Mr. Auguſtus Warren, a Member of Parliament, and a gentleman, who at the very beginning of the diſorders took an active and honourable part in ſuppreſſing them, is now in town; he would not honour me with his friendſhip, nor give me free acceſs to his houſe and library whenever I chuſe to retire from the buſtle of cities, if he diſcovered in me a *ſeditious tenant*. The regular clergy of this kingdom are a part of the Catholic body, whom they inſtruct and edify under the directions of the Catholic prelates.

Does the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne intend to raiſe a perſecution againſt them, and thus through their ſides to wound the Catholics at large, with whom they are ſo cloſely connected by the ties of blood, and the mutual interchange of good offices? They have not thoſe fine gardens, and rich monaſteries which could excite the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's jealouſy; and which the Emperor of Germany would ſell to increaſe his treaſury, as he has curtailed the revenues of ſuch Biſhops as are not ſovereign princes. The ſtricter their vow the leſs cumberſome they are to ſociety, as they are literally content with what Saint Paul was ſatisfied, *food and raiment*; many of them have left good fortunes to their younger brothers. All have renounced their ſhare of the inheritance; and ſuch of them as had but a ſmall dividend to ſhare, made a generous ſacrifice, when they renounced all earthly proſpects. Should the contempt of the vanities of the world, and a diſintereſted heart, be deemed objects of cenſure in eccleſiaſtics, they ſhould not be held in ſuch a view by a Biſhop, who finds them recommended in the ſcriptures. Neither will they ever be deemed ſuch by the laity, who will eſteem the clergy the more,

in proportion as they practiſe what they preach, I write here of the regular clergy of Ireland, who run the ſame career with the reſt of the Catholic clergy of the kingdom, and whoſe common anceſtors fell proſtrate in the promiſcuous ruin, occaſioned by confiſcations and forfeitures. If a revival of claims, ſo often mentioned in the ſenate, and bandied about in flying pamphlets, can tend to render them obnoxious, there is no doubt, but that they ſhould be objects of jealouſy with the reſt of the Catholics, ſhould thoſe claims be ever aſſerted. For the Catholic clergy both ſecular and regular are deſcended from the ſame ſtock with the Catholic laity, and from anceſtors who in their days were neither *hewers of wood, nor drawers of water.* But thoſe claims, I have done away by ſcripture, canon and civil law, and reaſon in my addreſs to the common people, when the combined fleets were on our coaſts, and a revival moſt likely to enſue. For at that time, the unprotected Catholic had nothing to loſe, and on each Catholic clergyman's head hung the naked ſword of proſcription. I had ſome time before confirmed the throne in his Majeſty's family, againſt the claims of Stuarts, Bourbons, and the Houſe of Sardinia. This I have done in my *Loyalty aſſerted*, as far as a writer poſſeſſed of abilities, which have nothing to recommend them but the ſincerity of the author, could confirm the throne of a prince, whoſe Catholic ſubjects are compared to *a pack of hounds*, impatient to *run down the* ROYAL GAME.

The only reward I expect for my labour, is not to be inſulted by any oblique inſinuation, that I am *ſent here to ſow ſedition.* The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne ſoftens the innuendo in theſe words; *I do not ſay, that Mr. O'Leary is ſent here to ſow ſedition;*

edition; but, &c. If he *did not ſay it*, why mention my name as a deſſert, after having regaled his readers with ſo many courſes? SENT HERE! I imagined that Saint Paul recommends hoſpitality to Biſhops, and that a Prelate would be more generous than to envy an Iriſhman the liberty of breathing his native air. If Swift were alive, he would not be very thankful to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne; but Swift would be at liberty to indulge his thoughts in their full latitude; I muſt be cautious, under the heavieſt provocation. The Lord knows that it is hard for me! I was not then *ſent here!* I came *here*, after having been forced in my early days into foreign countries, for a ſmall portion of education, which was refuſed me in the land of my fathers, becauſe I would not couple Tully's Orations with a Charter-ſchool Catechiſm.

I was not ſent here to ſow ſedition. I returned here, not as a felon from tranſportation, but as an honourable exile, who returns to his native land, after having preferred a voluntary baniſhment, to ignorance and the abjuration of the creed of his fathers.

I appeal to Richard Longfield, Eſq; Member of Parliament, whether, at the very beginning of the diſturbances in the dioceſe of Cloyne, I have not given the ſincereſt proof of the moſt unfeigned determination to co-operate in the reſtoration of peace and tranquility. That gentleman ſoon ſuppreſſed the tumults in his own diſtrict; becauſe the humanity of the landlord gave an additional weight of reſpect and love to the authority of the magiſtrate. I ſay it not from flattery, to which I am an utter ſtranger.—Had all the gentlemen of conſequence in the county of Cork, exerted themſelves as Mr. Richard Longfield and Mr. Auguſtus Warren

Warren have done; had they, in imitation of the above-mentioned gentlemen, rendered their authority as amiable from benevolence to their tenants, as it was formidable from the powers inveſted in them by the laws, the diſturbances would not have outlived the ſpace of ſix weeks. Wherever the landlords were active and generous, and adviſed the people, either no diſorders appeared, or were ſoon ſuppreſſed; and had the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne been as active in viſiting his dioceſe, and publiſhing paſtoral letters, as he was intent upon collecting materials for a pamphlet, to ſurpriſe the public on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, he would have contributed to the prevention or ſuppreſſion of the tumults in concurrence with Mr. O'Leary.

But the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne was ſecure in the protection of the ſtate. The peace of ſociety was left to other guardians. The people were wretched, miſerable and mad. Several gentlemen were not much concerned for the injuries offered to the clergy of either religion; policy, which often expects benefits from popular commotions ſo deſtructive to the ſimple, might have induced others to remain ſilent and inactive in the proſpect of providing for their adherents, under the extenſion of a general police bill; a bill which was then expected in conſequence of popular tumults, which adepts in political wiſdom, were more active in magnifying than preventing. It was reported in the city of Cork, that a certain Reverend Gentleman in the dioceſe of Cloyne* uſed to go in the

* Perhaps the Author of the Letter found on the road from Cork to Clonaghkilty, and addreſſed to Doctor O'Leary, by William O'Driſcoll.

night-

night-time with armed men to ſound a horn near a cluſter of cabins, in order to make priſoners of ſuch as would appear to gratify their curioſity: an expedient well becoming a miniſter of the goſpel! But with ſome perſons every expedient is juſtifiable, when *Popiſh plots* are to be contrived to give it a ſanction. But every idea of ſuch plots is done away, by the very reſolves of the gentlemen and Freeholders of the county of Cork; reſolves wherein they cenſure the inactivity and inexertions of many magiſtrates and gentlemen of property, on the breaking out of the diſturbances, and on the continuance of them.*

It would have been no difficult matter to have ſmothered them in their birth, as I remarked in my narrative. Firmneſs and humanity would have prevented the diſorder. I recommended it in the beginning. For were I a man in power, I never would take for my guides, Rehoboam counſellors; *My father whipped you with rods, I will whip you with ſcorpions.* I recommended it in preſence of the preſent Earl of Carhampton, then Lord Luttrell. It was happy for the ill-fated Catholics that ſuch a nobleman of his character, for honour and impartiality, was on the diſtracted ſpot. It was happy for them that the Repreſentatives in Parliament for the County and City, and other members who reſide in the South of Ireland, are acquainted with local circumſtances, and well known for honour, juſtice and humanity. Otherwiſe Government would have been impoſed on, and the Catholics of Ireland would be in a worſe ſtate in the year eighty-ſeven, than they had been in the year forty-five.

* County of Cork meeting, 7th December, 1786.

The

The county of Cork meeting agreed to a reſolution, which may ſerve as a rule well adapted to the times of commotions ariſing from diſtreſs. *Reſolved, That as we are determined to puniſh all violators of the public peace, ſo we are equally deſirous to aid in redreſſing any perſons who ſhall appear to us to be really aggrieved.* Both wiſdom and humanity penned that reſolution. Had it been entered into, and carried into execution in the month of September or October eighty-five, inſtead of the ſeventh of December, in the year eighty-ſix, the county would have been quieted a long time before. *Do not ſtrike until you liſten*, was a maxim with an Athenian general. It is better to liſten in time, than to ſtrike when the miſchief is done. It was my maxim from the beginning. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne would have acted in a manner more conſiſtent with his character, in enforcing that maxim than in publiſhing a pamphlet, every page of which can be controverted by the Diſſenters and Catholics of Ireland. Nay, his favourite plan about tithes and commutations is found defective by the moſt ſenſible writers of his own communion. From the beginning to the laſt line of his pamphlet, he cannot ſupport an argument without forcing the Catholics into his ſubject. In the forty-ſeventh page, he deſcribes the regular clergy in the following manner: "The regular clergy "of the church of Rome, indeed, belong to a "ſeparate body, with an intereſt diſtinct from "the general weal; claiming an exemption from "public taxes, and from the civil juriſdiction of "their own country; and avowing a ſubjection "to a foreign power, were and are a natural object "of jealouſy and apprehenſion."—Mr. Standiſh, the hearth-money collector in Cork, can refute the

tive aſſertion. If I had his receipts in Dublin, I would place them in my APPENDIX, with thoſe of my landlord's, and my tailor's bill; for the money I get circulates amongſt the public.

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, in a catechiſm, * printed under his direction (as I am told); impreſſes the tender and uncautious minds of foundlings with a notion that *violation of faith with and extirpation of heretics*, indulgences for committing *ſins in the enſuing courſe of a man's life, and licenſe for guilt*, are articles of the Catholic faith. The compiler of ſuch a catechiſm may miſrepreſent the regular clergy, with every freedom. He muſt then certainly mean the regular clergy in foreign countries, of whoſe ſtate he is as incompetent a judge as I am of the regulations of Weſtminſter School, which I have never ſeen.

The regular clergy have no intereſt diſtinct from the general weal. They are as much intereſted in the preſervation of the ſtate, from which they have got their lands and monaſteries, as the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne is intereſted in the preſervation of Ireland, where he has *very good livings*. He would have, I ſuppoſe, the regular clergy of the church of Rome to ſhoulder a firelock, ſound

* In that Catechiſm there is not one word of the commandments of God, nor explanation of any moral duty. The honour of the nation cries aloud to the right honourable and honourable the Truſtees of the Proteſtant Schools, to order ſome unprejudiced perſon to compoſe another Catechiſm: for beſides the horrid and *unchriſtian doctrines* falſely imputed to the Catholics, in that *Chriſtian Doctrine* there are two hiſtorical untruths.—Firſt, that a hundred thouſand Proteſtants were maſſacred in Ireland.—Secondly, that Proteſtants are not tolerated in Catholic ſtates. If that Catechiſm were ſeen in foreign countries, what an opinion would be formed of our early education!

horns, and ſhoot Whiteboys. In every age ſince their inſtitution, they have been engaged in a more glorious warfare, civilizing barbarous nations, diffuſing the light of the goſpel into remote regions, whither the Alexanders and Cæſars had never carried their arms, contributing extenſively to the culture of the ſciences, and ſwelling the deep and majeſtic rivers of European literature, with their tribute of the knowledge of the hiſtories, laws, cuſtoms and manners of the moſt remote and diſtant nations. I do not talk here of the Jeſuits alone, who in the very center of barbariſm, amongſt Cannibals, feeding on each other's fleſh, realize the ſublime ideas of a Plato, a Sir Thomas More, or a Fenelon. Thoſe great men only dreamt of thoſe political inſtitutions under which man could *live happy*, without the *canker of envy* or the *ſtings of poverty*. A branch of the regular clergy of the church of Rome *raiſed the fabrick*, which procured them the compliments of a Monteſquieu, and the admiration of the world. Civilized and chriſtian Paraguay from a nation of Cannibals, became the only ſpot on earth where vice and want were equally unknown.

To this very day the Catholic religion is maintained in Turkey land, Abyſſinia, and the remoteſt regions, by the labours of men whom their vows, and a generous contempt of the pleaſures of this world naturalize to every nation and climate. Their method is quite different from that preſcribed by the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne for the propagation of the goſpel; a method which expoſes religion to the deriſion of infidels, and renders the propoſer vulnerable to every arrow which can be taken from the quivers of the learned.—His Lordſhip informs us gravely that his religion will extend IN PROPORTION TO AGRICULTURE.—Bravo!

Bravo! this is literally *planting* the goſpel, and making it the *religion of the land*, in every ſenſe of the word. Saint Paul ſays that *godlineſs is great gain*. The Lord Biſhop writes as if *gain were great godlineſs*. He ſanctifies the *ſoil* before he ſanctifies the *ſoul*. Pity that *crows* and pigeons have not the uſe of ſpeech as they had in Æſop's time! His clergy would have a great number of fellow labourers in the Lord's vineyard. The feathered tribe would cry out to the peaſant, *My good man, ſow the corn, and I will be with you next year to reclaim you from the errors of popery.*

The next method his Lordſhip propoſes is an effort on the part of Government to bring the Iriſh language into diſuſe, in order to ſave his clergy the trouble of learning it. This method is an inſult to the natives, and cannot come with any propriety from a prelate who (if I be well informed) is indebted for his promotion to the deſcendant of Iriſh princes, in whoſe hoſpitable halls the tuneful lyre was ſtrung up to Iriſh melody, ſo varied and harmonious that the lying Giraldus Cambrenſis was forced to ſpeak of it with rapture and extaſy. But now, at the awful ſummons of an Engliſh prelate, the Iriſh harp muſt be ſuſpended on the branch of ſome weeping willow, as the Iſraelites hung up their muſical inſtruments on the mulberry-trees that grew on the banks of the rivers of Babylon. *How can we ſing* (uſed they to ſay) *the canticles of the Lord in a ſtrange land?* And the Iriſhman can ſay, *How can I ſpeak the language of my fathers in the land of my nativity?* His language muſt be aboliſhed at the recommendation of the Right Reverend Doctor Woodward; this language, the ſtudy of which the learned Leibnitz and Lhuid ſo warmly recommended to the curious enquirers into the monuments of antiquity; this language, ſtudied

by a learned ſtranger §, who has reconciled Mars with Minerva, in uniting the ſword with the pen, military ſkill with literary powers, and by his learned labours has reſcued from obſcurity the hiſtory of a miſrepreſented nation, formerly the Athens of weſtern Europe. Thus Cæſar ſtudied aſtronomy in the camp, whilſt the prieſts of Apollo ſnored in the temple. A military gentleman ſtudies the Iriſh language, to increaſe the ſtore of the literary republic. The prelate, whoſe function it is to ſanctify the ſouls of the natives, recommends the *growth of their grain* for the food of the clergyman's body, and the abolition of their language for the *good of their ſouls.*

Thus the Iriſh peaſant muſt work double tides to ſail for heaven. He muſt grow corn for an Engliſh paſtor's body, and ſtudy this Engliſh parſon's language for the good of his own ſoul, leſt a pair of brogues would be too *uncourtly a dreſs* to appear in the antichamber of heaven. *Badinage apart.* Such a recommendation for the abolition of languages ſhould rather come from a leader of Goths and Vandals, whoſe glory it was to deſtroy monuments of literature, than from the Biſhop of a large diocеſe, in a philoſophical age, when curioſity is on the wing, and the mind active in the purſuit of knowledge. The Lord Biſhop's method then of propagating his goſpel is the moſt extraordinary that I ever read of; to ſow corn and extend agriculture for the conveniency of the clergyman, and to oblige the peaſant, after the toils of the day, to learn the clergyman's language, in order to know the way to heaven, which the clergyman would not take the pains of telling him in Iriſh. A true repetition of Eraſmus's echo, *Quid eſt ſacerdotium?* Echo. *Otium.*

§ Colonel Vallancey.

I have

I have read of a Saracen emperor who, from hatred to literature, burnt the Alexandrian library; but I never read of a Chriſtian prelate intent upon the converſion of people by whom he was fed, who, inſtead of learning their language, recommended its diſuſe, until I read the pamphlet of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne. The preſent Biſhop of Landaff could not ſpeak a word of Welch when he came to Wales. Inſtead of recommending to the Engliſh government to aboliſh the Welch language, he made the knowledge of it his peculiar ſtudy. But it is the unhappy and ſingular fate of the Catholics of Ireland to ſee their names held up as *barbarous*, their creed miſrepreſented, and the language of their anceſtors threatened with entire diſuſe, for the gratification of a foreign prelate, who propoſes, as the means of their ſanctification, commodious houſes and cultivated ſpots for the eaſe and convenience of perſons whom his Lordſhip diſpenſes with the trouble of even learning the language of the people who ſupport them.

This was not the manner in which the regular clergy of the church of Rome *planted* religion in all the nations on earth where they preached the goſpel. Neither was it the method which thoſe who ſeparated from the church of England, adopted to eſtabliſh their own doctrine, and formed ſeparate communions. They learned the language of the people, and brought them over to their way of thinking, before they inſiſted upon *commodious houſes and glebe-lands*. Hence they became miniſters of the world; whereas according to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's plan, making *religion and agriculture keep pace with each other*, he gives his readers to underſtand that the miniſter of religion is more the miniſter of the *ſoil* than of the *ſoul*: and that the old adage, which is become ſo current to the diſgrace

diſgrace of the prieſthood, is verified, *no penny no pater-noſter.*

But leaving the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's method of propagating his doctrine by *tithes, glebe-houſes,* and the *annihilation of languages,* expoſed to the ſhafts of *chriſtian criticiſm*; let us return to his charge againſt the regular clergy.

His Lordſhip ſays, that they *claim an exemption from public taxes, and from the civil juriſdiction of their own country,* and *avow a ſubjection to a foreign power.**

I am ſurpriſed that his Lordſhip would advance ſuch charges in *my neighbourhood.* He cannot mean the regular clergy of Ireland. As to the regular clergy in Catholic countries; they enjoy no *exemption* but what the ſtate grants, as the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne enjoys no *exemption* but what the ſtate grants to himſelf. Does he pretend to preſcribe laws to Catholic ſtates; or to controul their power to grant what *exemptions* they think fit to the children, not only of noblemen and gentlemen, but to the children of princes? For the annals of religion and the hiſtory of religious orders can inform him, that from the days of Saint Baſil to this very day, the regular clergy can mark numbers of ſuch a deſcription in their calendar. The regular clergy then plead no *exemption* but what he pleads himſelf; the *exemption* granted by the ſtate wherein they live. He ſhould not envy in others what he himſelf enjoys. For I ſuppoſe it is from the ſtate he enjoys the privilege of pleading the *ſcandalum magnatum,* when *Richard Woodward,* now my *Lord Biſhop of Cloyne,* gives ſuch a provocation to

* Page 48.

Arthur

Arthur O'Leary, as to become the eulogiſt and apologiſt of a Theophilus, who calls him a *Friar with a barbarous ſirname*; and to recommend the *diſuſe of the language* of his anceſtors.

The regular clergy, whether here or elſewhere, *avow no ſubjection to a foreign power.* They live as corporate ſocieties, under their peculiar inſtitutions confirmed by church and ſtate. The boundaries are kept diſtinct. They give God what belongs to God, and to Cæſar his due. Whilſt they live as a corporate ſociety, they will plead their charter.—Thence, the Pope himſelf, cannot in an arbitrary manner, either elect or depoſe their ſuperiors, or interfere in their religious polity. He may annul their charter, but whilſt they live as corporate ſocieties, they will maintain their inſtitutions which contain nothing obnoxious either to church or ſtate. Otherwiſe neither would give them a ſanction.—When they make their vows, it is not to become vaſſals to the Pope. It is to gratify their own devotion under regulations, which at a competent age they have twelvemonths probation either to adopt or reject.

They *avow no ſubjection to a foreign power*; and I call upon the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne to prove his aſſertion. They are ſubjects of the ſtate, ſwear allegiance to their Prince, and are as faithful as any other ſubjects. Trapolo, a regular, defended the privileges of his country, againſt Pope Paul the Fifth, and immortalized his name. Ximenes, a regular, raiſed the power of the Spaniſh monarchy, and paved the way for the ſplendid conqueſts of Charles the Fifth. Father Joſeph de la Tremblay, after quitting the bar, and becoming a regular, was forced from his cloiſter to direct the councils of Lewis the Thirteenth. He planned thoſe meaſures

in

in the execution of which Richlieu appeared as the oſtenſible agent, and which by humbling the Houſe of Auſtria, and lopping off the heavy branches which made the tree of the French monarchy bend too much, gave it that erect poſture and firmneſs, which ever ſince have been proof againſt ſo many ſtorms. In Ireland, during the unhappy commotions which diſtracted this kingdom in the reign of Charles the firſt, who could have exerted himſelf with more conſtancy than Father Peter Walſh, mentioned with honour in the continuation of Sir James Ware? Did not he oppoſe Rimuccini, the Pope's Legate, who afterwards excommunicated him at Bruſſels? Under this excommunication he remained unſhaken in his loyalty. Or what is there in a regular clergyman's frame ſo hoſtile to his country, as to induce the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne to hold him forth as *avowing a ſubjection to a foreign power?* Is not a man's oath to be believed? And when the regular clergy ſwear allegiance to their King, is not their oath to be relied on? But the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne has favoured us with a very nice diſtinction. He acknowledges that in the ordinary tranſactions of life between man and man, the oath of a Catholic may be relied on; *but when his church is in danger*, then he may ſlacken the reins and bear down the wounds of ſincerity.

Where has the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne diſcovered this diſtinction? Where have the Catholics taught that the work of Heaven is to be promoted by the agency of Hell? Is the Chriſtian religion to be promoted by fraud, profanation and perjury? Does he really believe that the Catholics are ignorant of that maxim of ſaint Paul, *evil is not to be done that good may ariſe from it?* Non ſunt facienda mala uteveniant

uteveniant bona. Or does he forget that the ſcandalous diſtinction between the oath of a Catholic, *in the ordinary tranſactions of life, and the oath in which his religion is concerned,* has been condemned by the Catholic Church, ages before it could be foreſeen that a Biſhop or any other mortal would charge her with ſuch a doctrine? This very diſtinction was the doctrine of Priſcillian, who taught his diſciples that perjury on the ſcore of religion was lawful. He was condemned by the council of Toledo, and burnt alive. Speaking of the Catholics he ſays, *that men are better than their tenets.* It may be ſo. In Sparta it was a tenet that every deformed child ſhould be expoſed and abandoned to his fates. Parental affection in ſome might have eluded ſuch a rigorous law, and thus proved that they were *better than their tenets.* It was *a tenet* amongſt the inhabitants of the Iſle of Cyprus, that married women ſhould proſtitute themſelves once a year in the Temple of Venus. I doubt not but conjugal affection and female modeſty, operated with ſome to ſuch a degree as to induce them to deteſt the *tenet*; but I do not believe that there is this day on earth, any ſect of Chriſtians half ſo good as their *tenets.* They may differ in ſpeculative points, but the principles of morality are the ſame. However, the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne is beſt acquainted with his own *tenets,* and if they be as *charitable* as himſelf, his neighbours ſhould entertain a good opinion of his *rule of faith.* However, if the horrors of violation of FAITH *with heretics,* &c. be articles of orthodoxy, certainly not only ſome Catholics, but all Catholics are *better than their tenets*; and without any diſparagement to his rank or dignity, he will find thouſands amongſt them as honeſt, upright and honourable as himſelf,

ſelf, not only from innate principles, but from the very tenor of their creed.

He alarms the Diſſenters with the apprehenſions, that if they do not aſſiſt him in keeping *the tithes, the Catholic clergy will have them with the aſſiſtance of a foreign power.* Mr. Barber ingeniouſly anſwers, that it is equal to him who has the tithes, whether it be *Peter, Martin, or John,* when they are of no benefit to him either with regard to ſoul or body. If his Lordſhip be afraid that the Catholic clergy will deprive him of *all the tithes,* with the aſſiſtance of *a foreign power,* I can aſſure him that he has nothing to apprehend. Not from foreign powers, who will never invade Ireland in order to procure the *tithes* for the Catholic clergy. This indeed, would be a war of *proctors* and *tithe canters.* Further, I can aſſure his Lordſhip, that foreign powers are more inclined to reduce the revenues of their own national clergy, than to make war for the Catholic clergy of Ireland. But do not the Catholic clergy believe that tithes are *jure divino?* By no means. Whoever reads Father Paul, and Father Simon, upon benefices, will ſoon diſcover that tithes are not due to the Chriſtian prieſthood by goſpel law. Theſe two were Catholic authors. Biſhop Barlow and Selden, amongſt the Proteſtants, proved the ſame. I would not mention a word about them, had I not been forced into the field with the Biſhop's *foreign power,* and Theophilus's *jure divino*; and ſhall ſay of them but very little. They were not known in the weſtern church, until about the ſeventh or eighth century. The clergy had influence at that time to prevail on the French kings to give a ſanction to the ſixth commandment of the church; *Thou ſhalt pay tithes to the clergy.* This was a law of diſcipline, liable to change with the times, and of no force but from the

the ſanction of the ſecular power ; for a moral and natural right founded on the words, the *labourer is worthy of his hire*; is all that a clergyman can plead. In the Greek church tithes are not known to this very day ; and in the African church, Saint Auguſtin would not permit his own church to be endowed, foreſeeing the bad effects of the riches of the clergy. However in the weſt, the pious laity, with the ſanction of the power of the ſtate, endowed each church under the ſtrict obligations that three dividends ſhould be made ; one for the ſupport of the clergyman ; the ſecond for the reparation of the church, and the third for the relief of the poor. Such was the original inſtitution. Some alteration muſt have been ſince made in the manner of carrying into execution the founder's intentions ; for the part that was originally deſtined for the relief of the poor, now goes to the proctor. And as to reparation of churches, had the White-boys *burnt the new church, if the old church had not been left to them for a chapel*, or had both churches fallen to the ground, I am humbly of opinion that his Lordſhip of Cloyne would ſooner apply for a parliamentary grant, than be at the expence of contributing the third part of his tithes towards *the repair of the fabric*. Many and refined have been the improvements on this ſimple inſtitution of eccleſiaſtical revenues.

One would be diſpoſed to believe that there was a certain magic in the number *ten*. The tenth lamb, the tenth pig, the tenth chicken, the tenth ſheaf, every thing was decimated ; every tenth animal that did not grow to the ſize of a calf, was conſecrated to the clergy, *except the tenth orphan*. Peas, beans, all kinds of garden ſtuff, were ſurveyed in the name of *God and the Church* ; and the clergy were compared to the locuſts of the re-

velations, devouring all kinds of herbs that came in their way, except ſuch *as were noxious*. As theological diſputes divided them in the interim, their diviſions divided unluckily the flocks, and what was more, divided the affections of the people. Under various changes of creeds, the lucrative ſyſtem remained unaltered. Pope Alexander the Third was the firſt who iſſued excommunications for the recovery of tithes, and decreed that the labours of the induſtrious bee ſhould contribute to the ſupport of the Lord's anointed. He ordained that every tenth bee-hive ſhould be ſequeſtered for the uſe of the church. The clergy of the eſtabliſhed religion in England and Ireland, who borrowed their pomp, their ſplendor and hierarchy from the church of Rome, declared from their pulpits, that the Pope was Antichriſt. Yet in reforming the religion of Rome, they improved upon Pope Alexander's ſyſtem, by inſiſting upon the tithes of agiſtment; * and thus raiſed the claim from a bee to a bullock. If Pope Alexander thundered out his excommunications on the ſcore of tithes, they fired blunderbuſſes in defence of thoſe remnants of Popery; and dead bodies were ſeen laid proſtrate in fields, in conſequence of conteſts for conſecrated goods, which in former ages the pious laity had deſtined for the ſupport of the living. Whatever the clergy poſſeſs by law, is certainly their right, and ſhould be ſecured to them; but when people argue, they ſhould be careful not to advance paradoxes; and that the right to tithes is anterior to the title of any layman to his land, is a paradox

* This *barbarous* word, ſo familiar to our Iriſh Canoniſts, is derived from an old French word, ſignifying to drive a beaſt into a field.

indeed.

indeed. The land was inhabited by the laity before Saint Patrick preached the Goſpel. What he and his ſucceſſors got was a free gift of the donors; and no man in his ſenſes will deny that the ſupreme powers of the ſtate have a right to alter any ſyſtem, for the peace and good of the community. I ſhall diſcuſs no further the ſubject of tithes, as it has been already and will be hereafter diſcuſſed by abler pens. If I ſummed up in a few lines their riſe and progreſs, it is to ſhew the futility of the charge that the *Catholic clergy are intent upon recovering the tithes of this kingdom*, with the aſſiſtance *of foreign powers*, as if they were due *jure divino*. Could ſuch an idle thought occur to any man who did not intend to ſport with common ſenſe? Will any man of ſenſe believe that the formidable forces of France and Spain would be poured, at vaſt expences, into this kingdom, in order to reinſtate a few Catholic clergymen in the tithes of potatoes, oats, hay, *&c.* I am aſhamed to make any further comments. *The Catholic clergy reſuming tithes with the aſſiſtance of foreign powers!* Lay-impropriators threatened with loſs of the abbey lands which would revert *to the regular clergy!* When the Reformation was but in its infancy, and no religion in England at the time, but veered at the breath of each ſucceeding monarch, what became of the abbey-lands? In the ſhort ſpace that intervened between the diſſolution of abbeys and the reign of Queen Mary, there was not ſufficient time to found the tithe of preſcription, which by the civil law requires a ſpace of thirty years for immoveables. When that queen aſcended the throne ſeveral of the abbots and priors whoſe monaſteries had been diſſolved were living. Were not all the abbey-lands confirmed to the lay-poſſeſſors by Cardinal Pole, with full authority from the

the Pope? And now, under a Proteſtant ſovereign, after a lapſe of more than two centuries, a prelate raiſes the alarm againſt perſons who thought as little of depriving him of his tithes, or the lay gentlemen of their impropriations, as the inoffenſive citizen thought of depriving of his life a ſuſpicious prince, who, in his uneaſy ſlumbers, dreamed that he cut his throat, and put the innocent man to death.

I am in no manner concerned in tithes, but I appeal to his Lordſhip whether, at different times, they have not been the occaſion of popular commotions? Whether, at different times, the cottager who plants the potatoe, and the farmer who commits the grain to the earth, does not realize the fable of the man *who ſowed the dragon's teeth, which afterwards vegetated into armed men?* Whether an honourable ſupport, free from litigations and wrangles with pariſhioners of every deſcription, would not comport more with the dignity of the clerical profeſſion? And whether this be not the opinion and wiſh of the moſt ſenſible clergymen of the eſtabliſhed religion? If I am aſked the reaſon why I ſhould interfere in tithes? I anſwer, that the radical cauſe of the diſtemper being not removed, it may break out at ſome future period; and that when the bramble ſhoots from the ſod which will cover me, the wrangles of oppreſſed peaſants may be conſtrued into *a popiſh confederacy.*

His Lordſhip endeavours to refute the Biſhop of Landaff's arguments by the diſparity of circumſtances, as the number of the Diſſenters of both communions is greater in Ireland.——I take the liberty of aſking him one queſtion. Is it becauſe there is leſs to do, that the ſalary of the labourer muſt be increaſed at the expence of the cottager? Does he really believe that an honeſt Diſſenter will

will be ſaved? Does he believe that an honeſt Catholic will be ſaved? If he does, why this zeal for converſion which alarms the nation? It is equal to any ſtate whether the hand that ſteers the plough croſſes the forehead or not, provided the man be honeſt and induſtrious. He complains of the zeal of the Catholic laity to make converts, and the ſupineneſs of the Proteſtant gentlemen in not converting Catholics. Will he have a Proteſtant landlord turn miſſionary, and invade the epiſcopal functions? If his Lordſhip be ſo zealous for the ſalvation of the people, why not learn their language? The Catholic miſſionaries who penetrated into the vaſt empire of China, learned the Chineſe, though there are eight hundred letters in the alphabet, and each letter ſtands for a word. They converted millions of the people, tranſlated the writings of their philoſophers, and brought Europe acquainted with the laws, cuſtoms and morals of that ſingular country. His Lordſhip is not under the neceſſity of travelling far to learn the language; it is at his door. And an Engliſh paſtor may as well learn the Iriſh as Colonel Vallancey, an Engliſh officer. His Lordſhip will excuſe this freedom—it is as a writer who called me forth that I addreſs him throughout. My reſpect for a biſhop's character is a reſtraint which I would ſhake off, if a perſon of an inferior rank called on Government to bring into diſuſe the language of a country. It is what conquerors themſelves ſeldom have done. The poliſhed Frenchman has never attempted to aboliſh the low dialect of the Breton; the grave Spaniard leaves the Biſcayen to the uſe of his ſpeech; and the Engliſh have not aboliſhed the Welch or Erſe. The Iriſh muſt have the badge of ſcorn. As to converſions made by the Catholic laity, I do not find it an eaſy matter.

matter. Faſts, confeſſion of ſins, the belief of myſteries which ſurpaſs and ſeem to contradict the very ſenſes, penal laws and legal qualifications, are too great inducements to converſion. Suppoſe that a Proteſtant, ſtruck with the ſame arguments which made ſome German princes, Chillingworth and Dryden, to embrace the Catholic faith; ſuppoſe a Proteſtant of any ſect became a Catholic, the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, upon the very principles of the Reformation, which allows freedom of thought and the right of private judgment, could not in equity cenſure him. Every one is free to embrace the religion that ſeems beſt to him. It is the privilege of nature; and a convert to the Catholic religion is ſufficiently puniſhed by a conformity that deprives him almoſt of every privilege. Many a learned man has quitted the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's communion. The famous Whiſton wrote to the Archbiſhop of York and Canterbury, aſſigning the reaſons of his ſeparation from the church of England. And not long ago Lindſay reſigned his benefice, in order to offer up his prayers to one God in one perſon, and expunged the name of Chriſt from the collect. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne would make a more glorious conqueſt in reclaiming Doctor Prieſtly and Lindſay, than if he converted a hundred Iriſh peaſants. I ſee no reaſon for alarming the nation with the danger of the church. Little did the world imagine a few centuries ago that a ſingle German friar would have ſhaken the pontifical throne, and brought about the moſt aſtoniſhing revolution that the world ever beheld. Ever ſince that memorable æra the Proteſtant religion, from a ſmall beginning, is rapidly increaſing. When there were Catholic kings on the throne, it gained ground. It is then very much out of ſeaſon now to alarm three kingdoms with the

the news *that at this moment the church of Ireland is in imminent danger of ſubverſion.*

The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne believes two ſacraments neceſſary to ſalvation. If he could gain over to the eſtabliſhed church all the inhabitants of Ireland who believe that neither is neceſſary to ſalvation, it would be a great acquiſition to the eſtabliſhed religion. His Lordſhip adverts to the total indifference of many for every kind of religion. Could he but kindle the flames of piety and fervour in the breaſts of ſuch people, it would be of infinite advantage. And if he could keep within the pale of the eſtabliſhed church, ſuch as are willing to form modes of worſhip for themſelves, or reclaim ſuch as have quitted it within thoſe many years, without becoming Catholics, he would leave no room to complain of the majority of Diſſenters. What a field is open here for paſtoral zeal! It is a Herculean taſk indeed, and worthy of a prelate of diſtinguiſhed abilities. But want of baptiſm, Deiſm, ſeparation from the eſtabliſhed church, and altar againſt altar, cannot draw forth the pen of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne. The ſtability of tithes and the downfal of Popery are his only themes. The wag on the ſtage received many a plaudit who, on being aſked his religion, anſwered that he loved a *pot of porter and hated popery.*—— Let a Theophilus abuſe Catholics and revile Mr. O'Leary; he is called *an able writer* in the beginning, and excuſed on the ſcore of his *apprehenſions for the ſafety of religion* at the end of a pamphlet. Cargoes of abſtracts againſt *popery* are daily imported from England; luckily they arrive out of ſeaſon; for the *nation knows the purport of them. If violation of faith with heretics* be the reaſon of the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's attack, the Catholics diſclaim it on oath. And whoever does not believe

the oath of an honeſt man, deſerves no anſwer. There is addreſs and ingenuity in laying ſo often a ſtreſs upon the word *heretics*. When mentioned by the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, it conveys an idea that the Catholics alone conſider thoſe who are reared out of their church as *heretics*. His Lordſhip will, I hope, have the generoſity to divide the imputation with Mr. O'Leary. Does the church of England acknowledge that there are no *heretics*? Have not her biſhops pronounced them as ſuch after a canonical trial? Has not the civil magiſtrate, nurſed in her boſom, doomed them to the faggot? The inquiſition could do no more. For the eccleſiaſtical judge barely confines himſelf to a declaration that ſuch doctrine is *heretical*. The magiſtrate, armed with the power of the law, pronounces ſentence, and ſees it carried into execution.

Doctor Godolphin, a Proteſtant canoniſt, in his Abridgement of the Eccleſiaſtical Laws of England, after Sir Edward Coke, calls hereſy *a leproſy of the ſoul** ; and gives a deſcription of no leſs than one hundred and thirty-ſeven hereſies. If he was now living he could add to the catalogue many new doctrines, which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne would declare *ſtrange and erroneous* by his conſecration oath. Human victims were ſeen marching to the ſtake with faggots on their backs to purge in the flames the *pollution of hereſy*, under a Proteſtant Elizabeth and a Proteſtant James, as under a half Catholic Henry and a Catholic Mary. And thoſe *ſtrange and erroneous* doctrines which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne promiſes by his conſecration oath to *baniſh and drive away*, *baniſhed and drove away* effectually Diſſenters and Catholics into the wilds of Ameri-

* Godolphin *Repertorium Canonicum*.

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ca, in the reign of that James, whom the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne applauds for his wiſe ſaying, *No Biſhop no King.* Thoſe *ſtrange and erroneous* doctrines, *baniſhed and drove away* the Catholic Lord BALTIMORE, into Maryland, *for bowing at the name of Jeſus*; and that great PENN, who deſerved half the world, for teaching Sovereigns how to govern the other. They *baniſhed and drove away* Penn into Pennſylvania, for not *bowing at all*; for having rejected the ceremony of the hat, and wearing a few flat buttons on a plain unornamented coat. Thoſe two great men, perſecuted for their *ſtrange erroneous doctrines*, and ſtill diametrically oppoſite in religious principles, planted their colonies where they granted free toleration to all mortals; and where man is now reſtored to the indelible charter, which the free-born mind is intitled to plead. They reſembled the two brave ſoldiers, who were always quarrelling by the inſtigation of their comrades, without knowing why. A general rout came on, in the flight they both fell into a deep pit. Said one, if I kill you, what ſhall I benefit by your death? your putrified body will ſtifle me. The other retorted in the ſame tone; they ſaw the common danger, and agreed; one leapt on the ſhoulders of the other, and reached the verge of the pit, out of which he helped his fellow-ſufferer. They both retired in peace, and lived ever after in amity. Lord Baltimore and Penn did the ſame.

The recollection of ſuch melancholy ſcenes induces me to applaud my Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, for declaring in his introduction, *that it is not his object to enter into the defence of eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments in general.* It would be a heavy taſk indeed, ſince the beginning of eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments until of late, ſovereigns ſeduced by the counſels of the

clergy, became the executioners of their ſubjects. The miniſters of a religion, one of whoſe principal laws is a law of eternal love, became the apologiſts of calamities, that ſwept from the face of the earth, or oppreſſed to this very day, God's nobleſt images, upright, virtuous, and dauntleſs men. Like the warrior in the Scriptures, they ſtept into the ſanctuary to graſp the barbarian's ſword wrapt up in the ephod. The code of temporal laws, teeming with ſanctions againſt robbers and murderers, was ſwelled to the ſurprize and deſtruction of mankind, with additional decrees againſt *heretics* and *papiſts*. The inoffenſive citizen, who from an apprehenſion of offending the deity, by acting againſt his conſcience, was confined in the ſame dungeon, or doomed to the faggot or axe with the particide, who laid aſide every reſtraint of moral obligation. The ſcriptures were adduced in juſtification of the ſanguinary confuſion. Out of every conteſted verſe there iſſued a fury armed with a quibble and a poniard, who inſpired mankind at once with folly and cruelty, and Europe became one wild altar, on which every religious ſect offered up human victims to its creed. Such are the effects of eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments in a long ſucceſſion of ages. The effects aſcribed to them by the right reverend author, as infuſing morality as a collateral aid to the check of the law, would have been produced in a more heavenly manner, by religion uncontrouled by the terror of penal ſanctions; and its rays never ſhone brighter than when its miniſters had no other ſword to enforce it, but the two edged ſword of the peaceful doctrine of its Author. It is not then to the lenity of *eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments*, that men are indebted for the freedom they enjoy, but to the lenity of the ſtate; and to the exalted

exalted ſouls and enlarged minds of the illuſtrious ſenators, who have caſt off the ſable weeds of prieſtly bigotry, to put on the bright and radiant livery of enlightened reaſon, which religion enlarges into an extenſive aſylum, inſtead of contracting into a narrow and favourite ſpot, which it is penal (but for a few) to look at. The gloom which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne's pamphlet has ſpread on every countenance, and the mutual diſtruſt and jealouſy which have ſucceeded the ſtricteſt ſincerity and amity ſince the publication of his performance, are no mighty recommendations of *eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments*: The blood of fifty millions of men, cut off by the ſword of perſecution, ſince the ſtate unſheathed it in defence of *eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments*: The oppreſſion, baniſhment and impriſonment of as many more! The blood of the ſlain cries from under the altar, to the powers of the earth,—*Leave your ſubjects free.—Let the prieſts pray; but do not draw the ſword in defence of their prayers; for they will never pray alike.*

I ſhould never have mentioned tithes, leſt any of the eſtabliſhed clergy ſhould imagine I envied them what in former times belonged to the Catholic clergy, and which the laws now ſecure to the clergy of the eſtabliſhed church; but when I ſaw in a pamphlet, of which the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne becomes the eulogiſt, a heavy and infamous charge, that the Catholic clergy conſider tithes due to themſelves *jure divino*, and encourage the laity to plunder the Proteſtant miniſters for their own benefit, I gave a ſhort account of their origin. In my addreſſes to the white-boys, the reader can ſee in what manner I enforced the payment of them. The Lord Biſhop of Cloyne was unthankful to me; in return, I paid my compliments

pliments to *tithes* and eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments. I conſider both as oppreſſive in Ireland, and elſewhere. If I do not ſpeak with all that ſoftneſs of churchmen, with which I certainly would have ſpoken upon another occaſion; it is not certainly from any diſreſpect for the eccleſiaſtical profeſſion. Severity regards ſuch as have at different times abuſed their ſacred characters from want of charity, or from want of diſintereſtedneſs, or both. The worthy are not to be confounded with the unworthy, no more than the chaff ſhould be confounded with the pure and wholeſome grain.

I wiſh the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne had called me forth in more favourable circumſtances, and in a general cauſe; but he calls me forth under the heavieſt provocations, after having declared himſelf the apologiſt of a Theophilus, who exhauſts the gloſſary of Billingſgate in a perſonal abuſe. "Whoever "reads his Lordſhip's pamphlet, muſt conſider the "Catholic prelates as perjurers; the laity as ene-"mies to the conſtitution, from a view to the re-"venues of the church, with the *aſſiſtance of fo-"reign power*; and Mr. O'Leary, ſeditious with a "train of agitating friars and Romiſh miſſionaries." If there be a plurality of worlds, I muſt have been born in the planet of Saturn, if I did not feel a certain warmth after ſuch a provocation.

It cannot be expected that I will loſe the little time I have to ſpare from my more important functions, in anſwering anonymous writers, or even authors who may prefix their names to pamphlets. The only perſon I ſhall take the trouble of anſwering is the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

Rev. Mr. O'LEARY's ADDRESS *to the* COMMON PEOPLE *of* IRELAND, *particularly to ſuch of them as are called* WHITE-BOYS.

Brethren and Countrymen,

I Addreſſed you before in the time of open war, when the enemies of your King and Country were within view of our coaſts. Your prudent and peaceable conduct, at that critical time, anſwered the expectations of your inſtructors, and procured you the countenance and approbation of your rulers. The defenceleſs cottager was protected by the honeſty of his neighbour. Order and tranquillity reigned all over the land. Each member of the community was ſecure in his reſpective rights and property. And whilſt the plains of America were dyed with blood, and England was convulſed by the inſurrections of the lower claſſes, who were either cut off by the army, or atoned on the gallows for the violation of the laws, ye felt the happy effects of a quiet and orderly conduct.

Nature and Religion, my brethren, recommend this peaceable and orderly conduct to man. To a peaceable and orderly conduct, nature annexes our happineſs, and religion enjoins it as a duty. We are born with inclinations for order and peace, and we have the happineſs to live under the wiſe laws of a goſpel, whoſe counſels and precepts, whoſe threats and promiſes inſpire the union of the

the hearts, and to do to others as we would wish to be done by.

Whence then thoſe diſturbances which of late have been occaſioned by ſome of you in the Dioceſe of Cloyne, and which now begin to reach to the Dioceſe of Cork? You will tell me, that your grievances are the cauſe. I doubt it not, my brethren; but ſtill, under our grievances are we to forget that we are Chriſtians? Under our grievances, are we to forget that the Providence of God has made an unequal diſtribution of the goods of this life, reſerving a perfect equality for the next? Under our grievances, are we to forget that when our diſtreſſes are not the effects of our crimes, or imprudence, reſignation to the will of Heaven becomes an indiſpenſable duty? Are we to forget that the way of the Croſs is the road to the Crown; and that although religion does not condemn theſe diſtinctions of rank, fortune, and authority eſtabliſhed by Providence, for the ſubordination of ſubjects, and the tranquillity of States, yet there are more promiſes made in the Scriptures, in favour of thoſe who ſuffer, than in favour of thoſe who live in eaſe and opulence. And although the gates of ſalvation are open to the rich who make good uſe of their wealth, as they are to the poor who ſuffer with patience, yet the Scripture declares that they are narrower for the former than for the latter. In this life there muſt be grievances which no human wiſdom can redreſs. The inconveniencies ariſing from them are counterbalanced by the expectation of a better, promiſed by the Divine Author of our religion, who has ſet us the example of patience and ſuffering. The ſoldier, led on by his General, encounters death with intrepidity in hopes of victory, which ſoon after vaniſhes as ſmoak. And ſhall a Chriſtian, called to an immortal Crown, refuſe to follow his King, who rears up the banners of the croſs, and cries out, *Take up your croſs and follow me in the paths to eternal life?* To a worldling plunged in the luxuries of life, ſuch an addreſs will appear inſipid: But on you who are not loſt to the feelings of religion, it will have a different effect. Perhaps when he comes to that part of it in which mention is made of *croſſes and ſufferings*, he will lay it aſide, and ſay, *Mr. O'Leary ſhould write to*

thoſe

thoſe people in another ſtyle, and threaten them with curſes, excommunications, halters and gibbets. No, my brethren, curſes and excommunications loſe their effect, when laviſhed with too much profuſion. Truth muſt not be made odious by the harſh manner in which it is conveyed. The nature of man is ſuch that he is gained upon by example and ſweetneſs more than by rudeneſs and ſeverity. He is apt to hate the hand that is raiſed up to ſtrike him, though it be for his correction; but he loves the hand that is ſtretched out to cure him. Sweetneſs, tenderneſs, charity, ſhould form the principal character of a Clergyman, and become the predominant ſpirit of his functions. They were not lions, but lambs, which our Saviour ſent to preach his goſpel. It is to their patience, their mildneſs, their prayers and ſufferings that we are indebted for the converſion of the world, and the propagation of our Miniſtry. And I ſhould be very ſorry that you would derive no benefit from my inſtructions but a ſtring of curſes, which perhaps you would get by heart from no other view than to vent them upon your children in a fit of anger or reſentment. As to halters and gibbets, the beſt way to reſtrain the hand, is to change the heart, which, when regulated by the goſpel law, will ſacrifice the hand ſooner than give offence.

However, my brethren, it is not in the nature of man to ſuffer under grievances which he can lawfully remove. It is when the remedy fails, or cannot be lawfully had, that patience becomes our only and moſt ſalutary reſource; and I appeal to ſuch of you as have been guilty of any outrages, whether the ſteps you have taken to redreſs your grievances be either conformable to the laws of God or nature, or whether they can ever anſwer any other purpoſe than that of drawing on yourſelves the vengeance of the law. Is it an effectual mode of redreſſing grievances to crop the ears of your neighbour's horſe, or to deſtroy a rick of corn, the only reſource of a poor induſtrious farmer who has no other means to pay his rent, and who, thruſt into priſon by a mercileſs landlord, will be for entire years, perhaps for life, viewing on the walls of a gloomy priſon, the cruel marks of your barbarity? Whence aroſe the ſavage cuſtom of houghing the moſt harmleſs and uſeful of animals, the horſe, the

cow? We read of nations not enlightened by the chriſtian religion, yet figure to themſelves a ſupreme Being, the fountain of tenderneſs and mercy. Theſe people think it a ſin to deprive any creature of that life which the ſupreme being has given it, and conſequently never eat fiſh or fleſh. To guard againſt the love of pleaſure, and to check the deſires which may ariſe from the ſight of any object, ſome of them pluck out their eyes, alledging that if they have ſhut two doors againſt their paſſions, they have opened a thouſand doors to wiſdom by qualifying themſelves for the undiſtracted contemplation of Heavenly things. The Goſpel does not require ſuch ſeverity from you. But I appeal to yourſelves if theſe Pagans will not riſe up in judgment againſt the Chriſtians who are guilty of acts of cruelty? What, my brethren, have you forgotten the commandments of God, who takes your neighbour's ox and horſe under his protection? for when he forbids us to covet them, he commands us not to injure them. You will tell me that if you have cropped two or three horſes and burnt ſome ricks of corn, the injury has been done only to Pariſh Proctors, thoſe leeches whom you conſider as your greateſt oppreſſors, who every ſeaſon do you infinitely more harm. But this is a weak plea in the eyes of God, who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to thoſe who do us harm. Who after ſecuring man's life and reputation by the fifth commandment, that ſays, *thou ſhalt not kill*; and his honour and domeſtic tranquillity, by the ſixth, which ſays, *thou ſhalt not commit adultery*, becomes himſelf the watchful guardian of his temporal ſubſtance; by the ſeventh, which ſays, *thou ſhalt not ſteal*, and ſtifles in the heart every deſire of fraud and injuſtice by the ninth. The commandment being general extends to all. Hence he ſcreens the poor from the oppreſſion of the rich. Forbids the poor under pretence of poverty to waſte or plunder the property of the rich, and eſtabliſhes the general and permanent peace of ſociety on the love of our enemies, and that maxim of the law of nature, not to do to others what we would not wiſh to be done to us; much leſs will the quality of a Proctor excuſe you in the eyes of the law, which puniſhes the crime without any regard to the quality of the injuries or injured.

I am

I am happy to find that theſe diſturbances have ceaſed after a very ſhort duration, and though mightily magnified at a diſtance, have been confined but to a few pariſhes in the Dioceſes of Cloyne and Cork, and that but few miſguided perſons have been concerned in them. But I am ſorry you have adopted a new plan, which however moderate, and though certainly founded on your poverty on one hand, and the oppreſſive manner of collecting the tithes on the other, is very improper, and may prove of the moſt fatal conſequence to yourſelves. The following caution, which however it may involve yourſelves in trouble, if carried into execution, yet will convince the kingdom, that the few breaches of the peace which happened in this county, have not originated in a ſpirit of rebellion, as has been inſidiouſly and ſcandalouſly inſinuated. The following caution, I ſay, has been, within theſe few days, affixed to the gates of pariſh Churches and Chapels:

C O P Y.

"You are hereby cautioned not to pay Miniſter's Tithes, only in the following manner, viz. potatoes, 4s. per acre, wheat and barley, 1s. 6d. per acre, oats and meadows, 1s. per acre—Roman Catholic Clergy to receive for marriages, 5s. for baptiſm, 1s. 6d. for anointing and viſitation of the ſick, 1s. for maſs, 1s. for confeſſion, 6d; you are hereby warned not to pay Clerk money,* nor any other dues concerning marriages; be all ſure not to go to any expences at your confeſſing turns, but let them partake of your own fare."

It is needleſs to remind you of what the Dublin Shopkeeper has already informed you of, that poſting up notices is a miſdemeanor puniſhable by law, and that your imprudence may hurry you unwarily into ſeveral branches of the clauſes of the White-boy Act, that decree death againſt offences, which perhaps to you may not ſeem of ſuch importance. You may in like manner be led into the ſnare

* *Theſe Clerks are ſuch as attend on Prieſts.*

by imagining that this act is not now in force. It is in full force until the month of June in the year ſeventeen hundred and eighty-ſeven. Many and ſevere are the clauſes of that act, and though an Engliſh writer ſays that they are better calculated for the meridian of Barbary, than for a chriſtian country,* yet the ſeverer they are, the more you ſhould be on your guard. Conſider the danger to which you are expoſed from the logic and eloquence of Crown Lawyers, the perjury of witneſſes, or the prejudices of Juries. I am informed that the one who is to ſwear againſt ſome of you, who are now in gaol, is one of the greateſt villains in the kingdom, and eſcaped the gallows ſome years ago.

But to return to the caution. Pray, my brethren, what right have you to curtail, of your own authority, the income of the Proteſtant Clergy? I ſhall not go over the ſame ground trodden already by the Dublin Shopkeeper, on this ſubject. He proves, that if the tithes became the property of the laity, they would raiſe their rents in proportion. Or is it becauſe that from the earlieſt ages of the world thoſe who believed in the true God, have conſecrated to him, a part of the fruits of the earth, you will think it an heavier burthen to pay the ſame thing, becauſe it was in conformity to the law of God, that the laws of chriſtian ſtates have appointed it? You know that the rules of juſtice extend to all without exception, and that to uſe the familiar phraſe, every one ſhould have his own, whether he be Proteſtant or Catholic, Turk or Chriſtian. It is more your intereſt than you imagine that the Proteſtant Clergy of this country ſhould be maintained in their rights. For many ages you have been defenceleſs, deſtitute of any protection againſt the power of your landlords, your clergy liable to tranſportation or death. The mild and tolerating ſpirit of the clergy of the eſtabliſhed religion has been the only ſubſtitute for all other reſources. They trained up from their early days the Proteſtant Nobility and Gentry in the principles of morality and virtue. If they preached againſt Purgatory, they enforced charity. If they denied

* *See Young's Tour in Ireland.*

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the real preſence, they took ſpecial care to inform their flock, that whoever does injuſtice to any one, either in his property or reputation, is unworthy to approach the Communion. If they denied that the Pope is Head of the Church, they taught their congregation that no man is to be injured on account of his religion, and that chriſtianity knows no enemy. As by nature we are prone to vices of every kind, and that the earlieſt impreſſions are the ſtrongeſt, had it not been for thoſe principles which they inſtilled into the minds of their hearers, long before now your landed proprietors in this country would have treated you as Turks, who think it no ſcruple to violate the beds of the Jews, and warn the huſbands that if they come into their houſes whilſt they are doing them this injuſtice, they will cut off their heads.

Is it then to gentlemen of this deſcription, the children of the firſt families in the kingdom, the inſtructors of the moſt powerful part of the community, the moſt moral and edifying amongſt them, the moſt charitable and humane, that a handful of poor men are to preſcribe laws, tending to diminiſh the ſupport of their offspring, deſtined to fill one day the moſt important offices in the State? What! a Rev. Archdeacon Corker, a Rev. Archdeacon Tiſdall, a Rev. Mr. Chetwood, a Rev. Mr. Weekes, a Rev. Mr. Meade, a Rev. Mr. Kenny, who ſpent his time and fortune amongſt you, relieving your wants, and changing part of his houſe into an apothecary's ſhop to ſupply you with medicines, which yourſelves could not purchaſe, muſt from an apprehenſion of violence quit his houſe, at the threſhold of which appeared ſo many Lazarus's with their ſores not licked by his dogs, but fomented or bathed with his own hands; not deſiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from his table, but repleniſhed to ſatiety with his own fare! many more of theſe Gentlemen could I mention, and I aſk yourſelves whether you would benefit the more by having their property curtailed? ſtill I know that you are oppreſſed and impoveriſhed more than any ſet of the lower claſſes of people on earth. And by that notice you have poſted up, it appears that it is far from your thoughts to overturn what is eſtabliſhed by law, but to lighten the burthen. It is not

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in the tithes themſelves that the oppreſſion lies, but in the manner of raiſing their value, and collecting them. The eſtabliſhed Clergy themſelves, whoſe dignity and functions do not permit them to take on themſelves the diſagreeable office, and who on the other hand if they took your notes, which perhaps you would be unwilling or unable to pay when they would become due, would feel too much in being obliged to ſue a ſet of poor people in a Court of Juſtice. The eſtabliſhed Clergy themſelves, I ſay, are perplexed. They are not inclined to oppreſs you on one hand, and none can expect that they will part with their rights on the other. And as for your parts, you cannot be judges in your own cauſe. The ſupreme power of the ſtate alone is competent to determine the mode of redreſs, which is too intricate a matter for me to determine. It is doubtleſs the intereſt of your landlords not to have a wretched and beggarly tenantry. It is in like manner their intereſt to ſupport amongſt their tenants a due ſubordination to their reſpective Paſtors. For the generality of mankind, can have no other rule, but their inſtruction, whereby to regulate their moral conduct. The impreſſions of religion, and the dread of an inviſible Judge, the conſcious witneſs of our actions, are ſtronger than the terror of human laws, which are often eluded by privacy and ſeveral other ways, and when once we ſhake off the authority of religion, when opportunity offers, we are ready to ſhake off the authority of our maſters. Preſent a memorial of whatever grievances you ſuffer to your reſpective landlords, who I ſhould hope, will tranſmit it to their friends in Parliament. If Parliament cannot ſtrike out a plan, you have no remedy whatever but that patience which I before recommended to you, and which ſoftens the afflictions of ſufferers. In a word, without the interpoſition of the ſupreme power of the ſtate, you muſt either bear with patience the grievances of which you complain, or ſuffer an ignominious death, or ſeek for a better ſituation in remote countries, where there is more encouragement, and where thouſands of your Proteſtant fellow ſubjects, leſs oppreſſed than you are, have taken ſhelter.

As to the regulations you have made with regard to the dues of your own Clergy, it is a ſtanding maxim with all States where there are ſeveral religions, and but one eſtabliſhed by law, not to grant any legal redreſs for non-payment of dues but to the Clergy of the eſtabliſhed religion, ſuch as the Clergy of the Church of England here and in England; the Lutheran Clergy in Sweden, and the Preſbyterian Clergy in Holland, Geneva, and elſewhere. Free toleration of religion, and the voluntary contributions of thoſe of their own profeſſion, are the only reſources of the Clergy who are not of the religion of the State. I conſider it your duty, nay your intereſt to ſupport them in a decent manner according to your abilities. And this ſupport ſhould appear to you the leſs burthenſome, as there is no compulſion, which in general makes the receiver diſagreeable to thoſe who give when compelled, and deprive the giver of the merit of what he contributes, when he contributes more from compulſion than from duty and charity. On this head then, we can literally apply the words of St. Paul, in his ſecond epiſtle to the Corinthians, chap. 9. *Every man according as he purpoſeth in his heart, ſo let him give: not grudgingly, or of neceſſity: for God loveth a chearful giver.* Chriſt himſelf who in every page of the ſcriptures preaches up the renunciation of ourſelves, ſtill declares that the labourer is worthy of his hire. And St. Paul, the patron of diſintereſtedneſs and mortification, declares that thoſe who ſerve the altar, ſhould live by it, and that ſuch as feed the flock, are entitled to a ſhare of the milk. It is your own intereſt that your Paſtors be maintained with decency, that in a country where Gentlemen of a different religion eſteem the Catholic Clergy more for their outward appearance and conduct, than for their profeſſion, your Paſtors ſhould appear with decency, and that in country pariſhes where even in the dead of night they are obliged to go ſeven or eight miles, and perhaps more to relieve a dying perſon, they ſhould have a horſe in order to be enabled to give you every aſſiſtance with the utmoſt expedition in theſe preſſing moments, when (if ever) delays are the moſt dangerous.

Nor, my brethren, ſhould you diſregard my remarks on this ſubject, becauſe I am a Clergyman. You know that

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for the ſpace of fifteen years ſince my arrival in this country, weddings and baptiſms are quite out of my line, yet I never ceaſed to exhort and inſtruct you to the utmoſt of my abilities.

The remainder of my Addreſs is unavoidably deferred till the next publication; and, my Brethren, I earneſtly entreat you to follow the advice of thoſe who wiſh you well, who have your intereſt at heart, who foreſee the danger that threatens you, and of which you are not ſufficiently aware. You will find the advantage of peace and tranquillity. None can wiſh it with more ſincerity, than your affectionate ſervant,

A. O'LEARY.

Cork, Feb. 18, 1786.

Rev. Mr. O'LEARY's SECOND ADDRESS, *to the* COMMON PEOPLE *of* IRELAND, *particularly to ſuch of them as are called* WHITE-BOYS.

Brethren and Countrymen,

FAR be it from me to oppoſe (were it in my power) the redreſs of your grievances. But, I repeat it, by your manner of redreſſing them, the remedy is worſe than the diſorder. I would rather pay my tithes, let them be ever ſo oppreſſive, than put my neck in the halter by diſturbing the peace of ſociety, and violating the laws of the realm, let them be ever ſo ſevere. No rulers on earth will permit any order of men to overturn eſtabliſhed laws, by private authority. They will liſten to the grievances of the ſubject, but they will reſerve to themſelves the mode of redreſs. They can never make the people happy but by keeping them

them ſubject to authority, and by making this ſubjection as eaſy and reconcileable to them as the exigencies of the ſtate will permit. The multitude is too fickle and inconſtant for governing itſelf. It cannot be happy without ſubordination to order and authority: If it once ſtrikes out of the path of obedience to the laws, there is an end of Government. Troubles, diſſenſions, civil wars, and impunity for the moſt atrocious crimes, muſt be the reſult. And in this ſtate of convulſion, the man who complained of grievances before, under the ruling powers, will feel heavier grievances from his neighbour, who, unreſtrained by law, will become his murderer or oppreſſor. If we were priſoners of war in an enemy's country, we are bound by the laws of God and nations to behave in a peaceable manner, much more ſo when we form members of the ſame ſociety, governed by the ſame Sovereign and the ſame laws.

But what ſurpriſes me moſt with regard to the notice you have poſted up, whereby you caution each Pariſhioner not to give *but ſo much for Tithes, and ſo much to the Roman Catholic Clergy*, is, that you bind yourſelves by oath to abide by this regulation. Had you entered into a reſolution not to pay but four ſhillings tithes for every acre of potatoes, &c. a court of juſtice would determine whether you were right or wrong. And in caſe you were caſt at law, as in all appearance you would be, the payment of the tithes, and the coſts of the ſuit would be the only diſadvantage you would labour under. But here, by one oath you fall into a double ſnare: You perplex and entangle your conſciences on one hand, and on the other you put yourſelves in the power of the law.

Upon a former occaſion I explained to you, the nature of oaths, and the horror of perjury. And altho' you have not perjured yourſelves in ſwearing to your own reſolutions, as it was not to a lie you ſwore, yet permit me to tell you, that your oath was raſh, and ſo far a profanation of the moſt ſacred name of God. It is with the greateſt reluctance a man ſhould ſwear at all, even in a juſt cauſe, and from conviction. We read in ſome Jewiſh authors, that the awful name of the Divinity was uttered but once a year by the High Prieſt, at the ſolemn Benediction, after puri-

fying himſelf, and waſhing his hands in the blood of the victim that was offered up, before he entered the Sanctuary. The veneration alſo of the Heathens for their falſe Gods, was ſuch, that in the beginning no oaths were cuſtomary, from a reverence to the Deity. Princes ratified the moſt ſolemn treaties by joining hands. And in the ages of heroiſm, the warrior thought himſelf ſufficiently engaged to his General by looking at the military ſtandard erected upon an eminence, with the image of the tutelary God painted on the banners. Such was the veneration of all nations for the awful name of the Deity, and the ſanctity of that maxim of holy writ, that we are *not to trifle with holy things.* Compare your conduct with that of the primitive inhabitants of the world, you who ſhould be ſtruck with a greater awe as having a more perfect knowledge of the true God, and yet make it a part of your Sunday's devotion to hand the book to each other in order to ſwear to what muſt be deſtructive to yourſelves, and injurious to the rights of others,—*you will ſwear to the Lord your God*, ſays the ſcripture, *in truth, in judgment*, and *in righteouſneſs*, or juſtice. It is not ſufficient for the lawfulneſs of an oath, that whatever we ſwear to be *true*. It requires moreover that the oath be attended with *judgment*, that is to ſay, that the object of it be not raſh; there muſt be neceſſity and prudence. There muſt be alſo *juſtice*, otherwiſe the name of God is profaned, and the oath is not binding. When Herod ſwore that he would give his daughter whatever ſhe would aſk him, he was guilty of murder in giving her the head of John the Baptiſt, and of profanation in calling on God as the witneſs and ſanction of his cruelty. You ſwear that you will pay but *four ſhillings for an acre of potatoes, &c.*

When St. Auguſtine lays down as a maxim that the laws of every State regulate the property of the ſubject, and that whatever we poſſeſs muſt be in conſequence of the determination of the law; when St. Paul commands us to pay honour to whom honour, and tribute to whom tribute is due, can the moſt learned Caſuiſt determine that you are bound to pay no more than the preciſe ſum of four ſhillings for an acre? Your oath then is the ſame thing as if you ſwore in the following manner: *I ſwear by this book that I will*

will do ſuch a thing whether it be right or wrong. Is ſuch an oath juſt? In like manner let me ſuppoſe that after this oath, you may be ſued at law for the tithes, and for non-payment be caſt into priſon, or have your little property diſtrained What will be the conſequence? You muſt either break your oath, or remain in priſon, or have your poor families ruined. Thus your oath is the ſame as if it were as follows: *I ſwear by this book, that I will either break this oath, or rot in priſon, or ruin my family.* Is there *judgment,* is there prudence in this? Add to this, that ſuch perſons as tender ſuch oaths are in the power of the law, and will be treated with the utmoſt rigour. And on this occaſion, I conjure the Gentlemen of this county who may read this letter, and be next Aſſizes on your Jury, to diſtinguiſh the *wanton* compellers of ſuch oaths, and the perſons who take or adminiſter them from fear and compulſion. I ſay, *take or adminiſter them*; for, *take and adminiſter* in the ſenſe I allude to, are ſynonimous in the eyes of humanity and juſtice, when the motive, I mean fear of grievous outrage to their perſons or property, compels them to take the oath, or adminiſter it to others. And when I make this requeſt, you ſee, my brethren, how much I have your intereſt at heart, and with what ſincerity I wiſh to prevent the effuſion of your blood.

The ſame motives induced a Proteſtant Gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, to addreſs ſix letters to you, in a ſtyle adapted to your underſtanding, under the ſignature of *A Dublin Shopkeeper.* He had no motive whatever but your welfare, as his property is not in the county. His humanity and benevolence alone induced him to point out the danger to which you were expoſed, the imaginary and groundleſs proſpects you figured to yourſelves, and which you will ſoon ſee vaniſh as ſmoak; the various deluſions to which the unthinking multitude are liable to fall victims, and the caution you ſhould take againſt thoſe misfortunes in which a conduct ſimilar to yours has involved ſo many others, ſeveral of whom were really innocent. To deprive his letters of the effect they ſhould have on you, you were made to believe that they were written by ſome Clergyman, intereſted in the preſervation of his tithes, or if a

Roman Catholic, in the collection of his dues. I declare upon my conſcience, that they were written by a Proteſtant Layman, and that I myſelf did not know the author, until after the publication of the firſt letter. They deſerve your attention the more as they come from ſuch a diſintereſted hand, and as I am equally unconcerned in theſe matters, only as far as they regard your own ſafety, and the peace of the public.

I hope that *this* Addreſs will deſerve your attention, as it gives the ſanction of religion to the maxims of prudence, laid down in that Gentleman's writings. I am confident that many of you have been miſled by your ignorance of the laws, and that as theſe diſturbances originated in the dues of the Clergy, you did not foreſee the conſequences to yourſelves. That Gentleman's letters deſerve your moſt ſerious attention, as he explains all the laws which hang over you. On the other hand, it is a ſtanding maxim, that it is better to prevent crimes than to puniſh them. It would be an act of humanity in the Aſſociations, compoſed of Noblemen and Gentlemen, for the ſuppreſſion of tumults in the county of Cork, to get numbers of that Gentleman's letters diſperſed gratis through the country. It is the opinion of a great and humane writer, * that *every Member of Society ſhould know when he is criminal, and when innocent.* This cannot be done without a knowledge of the laws which affect the lives and liberties of the ſubjects. This knowledge is never ſufficiently communicated in this kingdom to the multitude at large, few of whom can purchaſe the ordinary vehicles of information, the Acts; and even Newspapers, are prohibited from even inſerting *abſtracts* under the penalty of a proſecution from the King's Printer. In foreign countries when new laws, affecting the lives of the people, are enacted, they are poſted up on the gates of the Churches in all the Pariſhes, and their non-promulgation is pleaded in juſtification of the fact. This before-mentioned conduct correſponds with Beccaria's wiſhes, who ſays, that every citizen ſhould have the code of laws which affect his life; and that the conduct of Cenſors and Magiſtrates who puniſh

* *Beccaria.*

puniſh the ignorant, is *a kind of tyranny which ſurrounds the confines of political liberty.* If the laws are made for the people, they ſhould know them, and laws which affect the lives of the multitude, ſhould not be confined to the Lawyer's library. I am confident that not one out of ten thouſand of the country people, knows one clauſe of the *White-Boy Act.* This is the time to make it as public as poſſible in a county hitherto the moſt peaceable in the kingdom. But to return from this digreſſion to you, my brethren, if you have any room to complain of the extortions of any of your Clergy, why have you not made application to your Biſhops previous to thoſe tumultuary meetings? Would Lord Dunboyne, as diſtinguiſhed for his tenderneſs, his charity, the ſweetneſs and amiableneſs of his manners, as he is by his high birth and exalted ſtation; or would the pious and edifying Doctor M'Kenna permit the oppreſſion of the poor under pretence of religion? They, who are more inclined to relieve your wants than to add to them? There is ſome exaggeration in your written notice, inſinuating that your Paſtors require more than you can afford, and that ſome of them are more attentive to your ſubſtance than to your ſouls. Sure, my brethren, a Roman Catholic Clergyman, who in times of perſecution would be bound not to abandon you, but to ſhare your ſufferings, and undergo every hardſhip for the ſake of your ſalvation; bound to appear as the public deputy of the people, at the foot of the altar, erected to a God, who died naked on the croſs, and to wean your affections from the periſhable goods and fleeting pleaſures of this ſhort and diſtracted life, to fix them on Heavenly goods; ſure, no Roman Catholic Clergyman would make a traffic of the Sacraments, in extorting from an unhappy object, who has but fourpence a day, to ſupport a wife and a number of children, with a handful of vegetables and a draught of water. We are rather bound to ſell the ſacred vaſes of the Temple, if we had any to diſpoſe of, ſooner than ſlay the victim, already fleeced by oppreſſive rack-rents. It cannot be conceived that a Roman Catholic Clergyman, who pays the leaſt regard to the dignity and decency of his character, would ſit down in a barn or cabbin, at the expence of the labouring man, and

and by intemperance, efface in the evening thoſe impreſſions of piety which he imparted to him in the morning. No, there is no ſuch thing. But there is the miſtake you have committed in the oath already mentioned. You have bound by the oath the opulent farmer, who is able and willing to give to your Paſtors wherewithal to ſupport them, and to afford yourſelves ſome aſſiſtance in your wants. You have bound him in like manner not to give any more than *a crown, &c.* and this is an injuſtice under the ſolemnity of an oath. For, whatever a poor man may do with a trifle ſcarce competent to ſupport himſelf, he has no right to controul the pockets of, or to preſcribe laws to the rich. If there had been ſcandalous extortions of the kind, you ſhould have preferred complaints to the Biſhops, and theſe venerable Prelates would have ordered their Clergy to cry out from their Altars, with the Prophet Jonas, *if it be on my account that this ſtorm is raiſed throw me overboard.*

The oppreſſion of the poor, and the love of ſordid gain, are inconſiſtent with the character of perſons whoſe miniſtry is the condemnation of avarice, the contempt of riches, and the recommendation of charity. They are not diſpoſed to bruiſe the reed already broken, nor to change the tender and inviting voice of fathers and paſtors into the harſh language of griping tax-gatherers. Has not Mr. O'Kelly, have not others declared from the altars, that they require no more from you than what you are willing to give? Let not then the ſacred miniſtry be a pretext for public diſturbances, which in the end muſt prove deſtructive to yourſelves. Let your grievances be redreſſed by the wiſdom and humanity of your ſuperiors in Church and State. Let public tranquillity be reſtored, and let yourſelves enjoy the fruits and ſweets of a peaceable conduct and innocent conſcience, which alone can recommend you to, and procure you the protection of God and your rulers. No perſon can wiſh you every happineſs more than your affectionate ſervant,

A. O'LEARY.

Cork, Feb. 21, 1786.

Rev.

Rev. Mr. O'LEARY's THIRD ADDRESS *to the* WHITE-BOYS, *particularly thoſe of the County of* CORK.

Countrymen,

TO ſuch of you as ſtill perſiſt in ſetting the laws of your Country at defiance, in oppoſition to the dictates of prudence, which ſuggeſts to man not to hazard raſhly his life, nor the intereſts of his family, but rather to bear patiently with a ſlighter inconvenience to avoid a greater; to ſuch of you as ſtill purſue a line of conduct (miſconduct I ſhould have ſaid) ſo deſtructive to yourſelves, and ſubverſive of peace and good order, I addreſs myſelf at this critical juncture. For I ſhall not confound thoſe who firſt engaged in your cauſe, either from error or licentiouſneſs, and are now reclaimed to their duty, with thoſe who ſtill march on in a road which from ſad experience, they will find to end in a precipice. At the firſt breaking out of theſe unhappy diſturbances you got every caution which religion, reaſon and humanity could prompt men of compaſſion and feelings to give a multitude eaſily miſled, and according to the common courſe of human affairs, incapable of drawing the delicate line to which common ſenſe points out, and of which it ſays, *thus far you ſhall go, and no farther.* The dangers to which you were expoſed from a diſorderly conduct, the imaginary and groundleſs proſpects you figured to yourſelves, and which you now behold vaniſhing as ſmoak, the various deluſions to which the unthinking multitude are liable to fall victims, the precaution you ſhould take againſt the misfortune in which a conduct ſimilar to yours had involved ſo many before. Every thing in ſhort, was explained to you. The maxims of human prudence were ſtrengthened, and enforced by the great principles of Religion; and we had every room to expect,

expect, that in case Religion had lost its influence over you as Christians, at least your own preservation, as men, founded upon the first principles of nature, would induce you not to expose your bodies to the rod of justice, or to the executioner's hand. When you imagined yourselves secure in your numbers, an anticipated list was made out of so many *White-Boys whipped, so many shot by the army, so many White-Boys widows and orphans reduced to beggary from the misconduct of their former husbands and fathers.* There was no inspiration requisite, in order to foretell such future events. Foresight and common sense uttered a prophecy which you see now fulfilled, and the accomplishment whereof you can read on the mangled backs of the companions of your former excursions. If you are wise then return peaceably and without delay to your occupations and duty, and do not swell the catalogue of suffering offenders. It is the advice of one who has your welfare at heart: Who, whilst he reprobates your disorders, pities your weakness, and who in acknowledging the justice of the punishment inflicted for the crime, commiserates the man in the criminal.

But what will my pity avail, if you do not pity yourselves? How, or by what arguments to reclaim you, I am at a loss. I shall however pay this last tribute to humanity, and follow the advice of the Apostle who commands Ministers of the Gospel *to rebuke, reprove, exhort* the sinner. *To be instant in season, out of season.* If my endeavours should chance *to be out of season* with regard to the obstinate, yet they may be in season with regard to those whom I would fain preserve from the contagion of your pernicious example. I reclaimed some of your associates before, who now feel the comfort of having returned to the path of peace, and good order. Happy for you, tho' late, if you copied after them. To attempt to reclaim you by the power and influence of religion would, I am afraid, be an useless task. You have thrown off its restraint. And however orderly a well bred Deist who does not feel distress, but laughs at religion, may conduct himself through life until the scene of delusion is closed, and death introduces him to the Judge, who, says, Woe to you who laugh, &c. When the common people in any state

ſtate throw off the reſtraint of religion, or become fanatics they become like lions unchained, who if not oppoſed by force or ſtratagem, will devour their defenceleſs prey. Of this we have unhappy proofs in the diſturbances which have diſgraced this province. When you minded your religion, grace and order reigned over the land. The weary cottager after his labour and rural meal ſlept ſecure, and acquired freſh ſtrength for the toils of the enſuing day, and if the neighbour was injured in his property by ſtealth or fraud, the dread of profaning the Sacraments was attended with reſtitution, and the purpoſe of amendment. But when, to the aſtoniſhment and ſcandal of the public, religion became a ſport; when the houſes of worſhip were profaned by the tumultuary meetings, beginning their devotions with the ſolemnity of combination-oaths, without enquiring whether they were lawful or ſacrilegious; when the flocks became deaf to the inſtructions of the Paſtors, dictating inſtead of obeying, and did with their own hands what the moſt infamous Prieſt-catchers refrained from doing in times of perſecution, I mean the nailing up of Chapels, and excluding from the houſe of God ſuch as intended to offer up their prayers on that day appointed by all denominations of Chriſtians for the worſhip of the Supreme Being, and held ſo ſacred that on that day the very adminiſtration of civil juſtice is ſuſpended; when without any intention to exchange the Creed for another, but rather get rid of both, nor any intention to reform the morals, but rather to obtain impunity for licentiouſneſs, you flocked to the Proteſtant Churches, as the temples in former times were reſorted to by thoſe malefactors who intended to make of the houſe of God a rampart againſt the purſuit of violated juſtice; when this irreligious farce was attended with the notes of the flute, and the blaſts of the bag-pipe *playing* from one houſe of worſhip into another, a ſet of men combined againſt the Clergy of both, threatening with deſtruction the reſpectable Catholics who refuſed to attend the proceſſion of diſorder in tumult.

In ſhort, when religion loſt its hold of people accuſtomed to revere and reſpect it, then the moſt peaceable

county of the kingdom became a ſcene of anarchy, diſorder and confuſion, and ſpread the contagion far and wide, a brutal and indiſcriminate vengeance was wreaked upon man and beaſt. And the exceſſes of the mad rabble who acknowledged Lord George Gordon for their Preſident in the year eighty, have been in ſome meaſure copied by the followers of Captain Right in the year eighty-ſix. The former burnt houſes, and committed ſinging birds to the flames. The latter cropped horſes, and burnt ricks of corn.—*O fooliſh Galatians!* ſays St. Paul, *what hath bewitched you?*

If you complained of grievances, was redreſs to be obtained by profanation, and inhuman and barbarous ſteps, which tend to defeat the very end you propoſe to yourſelves, and to make you rather objects of deteſtation than pity? When you complained of the conduct of ſome of your own Clergymen, as overbearing and rigorous; to remove every plea for diſorder and diſcontent, your prelates aſſembled, and after declaring that a ſmall ſtipend, the reaſonableneſs of which they left to the deciſion of the public, was requiſite for the ſupport of your paſtors; they enjoined them at the ſame time not to enforce a rigorous exaction of their dues, but to ſhew upon all occaſions that ſpirit of mildneſs, lenity and diſintereſtedneſs, ſo becoming their ſacred character. What more could they have done? You, on the other hand, not only bound yourſelves by oath to withhold your uſual ſupport, but controul the opulent and well diſpoſed, who were willing and able to make up for what yourſelves were unwilling and unable to give. Thus under pretence of redreſſing grievances, you became the oppreſſors of your ſpiritual guides, and as to your cauſes of complaint from proctors and tithe-farmers, inſtead of waiting for that relief which the humanity and wiſdom of the Paliament may in time and place ſuggeſt, you have arrogated to yourſelves a power bordering upon life and death, by burying them up to their chins in graves, lined with briars and other materials of torture, leaving their life or deſtruction to the bare chance of being found or not found, by ſome paſſenger. Great God! could you be ſo diveſted

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of feeling as to inflict ſuch a puniſhment, or ſo devoid of common ſenſe as to imagine, that ſuch a conduct was the beſt method of deſerving the attention and compaſſion of your rulers? The public conſidered theſe horrid barbarities as the effects of a temporary madneſs, which cool reaſon and the ſeverity of the law would effectually cure. But what muſt not be their indignation and aſtoniſhment, if, after the ſteps which Government has taken, they ſee you not only relapſe into your former frenzy, but work yourſelves up to the higheſt pitch of madneſs!

After reforming the clergy, you now proceed to reform the ſtate. By your new regulations no labouring man is to go to another pariſh to ſave the harveſt. This certainly ſhews your humanity and wiſdom, on the eve of the ſevere winter, where every hand ſhould be employed to ſecure the bounties of nature—and this I call a *regulation of beggary and impriſonment*. For the landlord will have his rent or your bodies, and if you refuſe to work you muſt beg; and the public will give no alms to perſons who become idlers from wilful obſtinacy.

You write threatening letters to the Civil Magiſtrate, ordering him, under the ſevereſt penalties, to interfere no more in your proceedings, and are come to reſolves about the hearth-money, which you intend to regulate by your own ſtandard; and this regulation about magiſtrates and hearth-money, as more immediately affecting Majeſty, is a regulation bordering upon treaſon or rebellion, and appropriating to yourſelves a part of the revenues of the crown. To crown the work, you poſted up a notice, or you wrote a menacing letter to a moſt reſpectable Proteſtant clergyman, ordering him not to meddle with an old church in his pariſh, the materials of which are requiſite to defray the expences incurred by building a new one, but to leave it to you for a chapel. And this regulation, to me, is a regulation, of *ſurprize and aſtoniſhment*. What a *ſurprizing* tranſition from profanation to devotion, from one extreme to another! Some time before you nailed up the chapels, and would not permit your clergy to officiate therein. Now your own chapels will not ſuffice without having

the church; not long ſince you carried the chapel to church; now you will have the church come back to the chapel. This is a ſtrange fit of devotion in a ſet of men who, not long ago, in deriſion of prieſthood, gave but an Iriſh crown to the paſtor, at a wedding, and collected eighteen ſhillings for the piper. But pray, if you obtain the church, who will be your chaplain? for I am ſure no Roman Catholic clergyman will be ſo mad as to obtrude into a church, of the eſtabliſhed religion, under the banners of ſedition. You muſt then ordain a chaplain yourſelves; and every perſon who attempts a reformation in the church and ſtate, without an ordinary miſſion, commonly pleads a miſſion from Heaven. Capt. Right may aſſume the power of ordination, as the German cobler, who attempted the reformation of religion, pretended to impart the gift of prophecy to his diſciples, by making them drink a pot of beer, and giving them on the head a ſtroke of a poker.

However, as this extraordinary meſſage, purporting to give up a Proteſtant church to be changed into a chapel, is become the general ſubject of converſation, it is incumbent on me to make my remarks on it. I have read ſo many anecdotes of plots and roguiſh ſchemes, of which ſimpletons were the tools, and knaves the contrivers, that I am very cautious. It is ſuppoſed that when you meet in your lurking holes, you all agree in the ſame meaſure, and that every deliberation is the act of the whole corps, otherwiſe you would ſoon diſperſe. If then this meſſage be really an act of your meeting, ſome artful incendiary, capable of working upon your intellects, ſtupified by watching and intoxication, has crept in among you, either to cauſe ſome confuſion in the ſtate, from motives beſt known (if not to himſelf) certainly to his employer, or from an expectation of obtaining a reward for ſwearing away your lives at the next aſſizes. For there is not the leaſt ſhadow of probability, that a ſet of night-ſtrollers, cropping cattle and burning corn, after nailing chapels and humbling their clergy, would expoſe themſelves to martyrdom in forcing a Proteſtant clergyman to give up a church, to indulge a devotion. Moreover, you know that when a new place of worſhip is to be erected, the Pariſh Prieſt is always conſulted;

ed; for where there is no Maſs, there is an end of the chapel. You know full well that no Prieſt would attend you in ſuch a fit of frantic devotion, if you did not force him to ride bare-backed, Proctor-like, on Captain Right's grey horſe, with the furze ſaddle under him, and the horn ſounding before him. Give up then every thought of changing the church into a chapel, for you will never get any Prieſt to attend you there, without you drive him before you, mounted as I mentioned; and I am ſure that the moſt ambitious of the clergy would not ride the Pope's mule in ſuch an equipage. The meſſage then, if it comes from you, is of a piece with the reſt of your proceedings, as far as they are barely confined to *nonſenſe*; and if the churches and chapels were the anti-chambers of Heaven, they could never procure admittance into its inner apartments, whilſt you lead a looſe and licentious life, deſtroying your neighbour's property, and diſturbing the peace of ſociety. However, if you want to ſee the inſide of that church, you ſhall be gratified on the following condition. Appoint what Sunday you think fit, and that at ſooneſt, and I ſhall go and meet you there, not to ſay maſs, but to give you an exhortation, or a ſermon, which ever you like. Colonel Mannix, or any of the neighbouring Magiſtrates will, I am confident, not refuſe to attend; after the exhortation, of which you certainly ſtand in need, the Magiſtrate will explain the law to you, liſten to your complaints, and if you make a ſolemn promiſe, which you can without any remorſe confirm with an oath, to return peaceably to your duty, and to diſturb no longer the community, he will tranſmit your complaints to your Repreſentatives in Parliament. A ſimilar affair happened already, and has been attended with ſucceſs, for the people, on liſtening to reaſon, returned to the path of moderation and good conduct. All this is to be done with the conſent of the gentleman to whom the old church belongs; for you know that it is not civil to force into another man's houſe. The paſtor of that church is a ſtedfaſt Proteſtant, and I am a ſtedfaſt Roman Catholic, believing ſeven ſacraments, and every article that has been explained to you in your early days in your catechiſm. Yet we are both united in the ſame cauſe

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of charity and benevolence with ſeveral other gentlemen of different perſuaſions, as Members of the Committee for the Relief of Inſolvent Debtors.

Our controverſies turn upon the ways and means of keeping order and cleanlineſs in the gaols, of procuring the captive debtors a weekly allowance, of compounding with their creditors, and reſtoring them to their poor families. The very Magiſtrates who you threaten are ſubſcribers to this inſtitution. On the liſt of the relieved captives are numbers of your own nameſakes and relations. This digreſſion I make in order to remind you of your ingratitude and deluſion in meddling with the clergy of the eſtabliſhed religion, many of whom deſerve ſo well of the poor; but that gentleman in particular, the martyr of charity, who beſtows on them the portion of time and ſubſtance which he can ſpare from his functions and family. The propoſal of meeting I make from my heart. The ſubject of my ſermon ſhall be the obligations which nature and religion impoſe on man to live peaceably and honeſtly, both as a Chriſtian and a member of civil ſociety, and my text ſhall be theſe words of St. Paul, *I exhort therefore that prayer and ſupplications be made for Kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all Godlineſs and honeſty.* 1 Timothy, chap. 2. May you conform your lives to the text! Amen. But to return to the notice, or meſſage:

It is moſt likely that ſome one who would not much ſcruple to tell a lie at the expence of your lives, has written the letter in your name, or poſted up the notice, to make you more odious than you are, (though you are odious enough already,) and to haſten the vengeance of the laws which await you, by quickening the fears of the public. Every robbery and plunder will be laid to your charge, ſeveral ſeditious letters will be written in your names, divine juſtice will permit that even the malice of others will haſten to your ruin. And however I hate your proceedings, I really pity your madneſs in putting it in their power; and the more ſo, as, according to St. Auguſtin, no wretch is more to be pitied than the wretch who does not pity himſelf. One ſhould think, that more than a twelvemonth's apprenticeſhip

ticeſhip to licentiouſneſs, beſides the loſſes you have ſuſtained, would have tired you in the road of iniquity; and little did we expect to hear any more of cropping horſes and burning corn, much leſs depriving the cottager of the uſe of his ſpade amidſt the invitations of a copious harveſt. Little did we expect to hear of attempts to deprive the landlords of their rent, to encroach upon the authority of the Parliament, and to invade the rights of the Crown, by arrogating to yourſelves the power of regulating the taxes of the ſtate, after two aſſizes, and the lenity, impartiality and wiſdom which Government has ſhewn upon the occaſion; for what greater proofs of them could Government have given, than when the energy of the laws was to be ſupported by the military power, it appointed a General who unites humanity with valour, who condeſcended to appear in your complaints, prevailed on ſeveral gentlemen concerned in tithes to reduce to the moſt reaſonable ſtandard; copied after that illuſtrious Roman, who, when the common people had thrown off the yoke of ſubordination, kept the ſword in the ſheath, and held out the olive branch, preferring in the firſt ſtage of the political diſtemper, lenient to violent remedies: A General, in fine, who, on hearing well-grounded complaints, would forget the warrior in the advocate for the diſtreſſed, if the complainers ceaſed to be licentious.

In the delicate circumſtances which affected your lives, Government appointed a judge, endowed with extenſive knowledge, penetration and wiſdom, which qualify him ſo eminently for holding the ſcale in which the lives, the fortune, and the honour of men, are to be weighed; with integrity, proof againſt the attacks of power and intereſt, with humanity and moderation, which without looſening the veil wherewith juſtice is painted hoodwinked, can raiſe its border to caſt a glance of pity on the unfortunate: Such were the two illuſtrious perſonages in whoſe hands Government lodged the ſword of military power and juſtice, to ſuppreſs the diſorders to which you have given riſe. I mean Lord Luttrel and Lord Chief Baron Yelverton. Wiſdom and impartiality made a choice which humanity applauded; but a longer continuance of your madneſs and folly

folly muſt baffle their united efforts, to your own inevitable deſtruction.

The honour of the country, the preſervation of public order, the protection of the defenceleſs cottager, and the prevention of further diſorders, will compel Generals to mark the progreſs of their march with your blood, and judges to ſtretch the laws to their utmoſt. Equally cruel to yourſelves, and unmerciful to others, if you have any grievances to complain of, you block up every road to redreſs, by the very ſteps whereby you intend to obtain it.

In a large county, and I may almoſt ſay a province, without arts or manufactures, where, in ſome places, in a range of fifty or ſixty miles, ſcarce a wheel or reel can be met with for want of flax or wool to employ the houſe-wife, and where the very treaſures of the ocean are become uſeleſs for want of the means to improve the advantages of nature: In a place ſo circumſtanced, whose the poor cottager muſt with five-pence a day ſupport himſelf, a wife, and five or ſix children, more or leſs, and contribute his ſhare to the ſupport of the State, you attempt to deprive poor induſtrious men of the liberty of earning the means of ſubſiſtence. Some of you can remember the great froſt, and ſuch of you as were not born at the time muſt know, from the tradition of your fathers, that Heaven viſited the land with a famine, whoſe ravages amongſt the common people were ſuch, that for want of food, the living had ſcarce ſtrength enough to bury the dead. Now Heaven is kind in granting you an extraordinary continuance of fair weather, and a plentiful harveſt, and the favours of Heaven you reject. Inſtead of practiſing the leſſon which nature itſelf gives you in the example of the ant, the bee, and ſeveral claſſes of irrational beings, an example which Solomon recommends to your imitation in the following words: *Go to the ant, thou ſluggard, conſider her ways and be wiſe; which having no guide, overſeer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the ſummer, and gathereth her food in the harveſt.* Inſtead of improving the fair weather to the beſt advantage in new thatching your cabbins, in minding your buſineſs, and laying in a ſtock for the ſupport of yourſelves and families againſt the enſuing winter, you exhauſt your health in thoſe nightly

nightly excurſions, the fruits of which muſt be the loſs of life or liberty, or criminal wearineſs which diſables you from working the following day. Under pretence of redreſſing grievances, you confine the labourer who has no work at home, who at ſtated times goes to earn his wages in other pariſhes, and whoſe aſſiſtance is requiſite for ſaving the harveſt. You confine him to his cottage, where he has nothing to behold but a wife and children periſhing with hunger, and his ſpade and ſhovel decaying with ruſt, becauſe by the regulations of the Right-Boys, he dares not to handle them in the pariſhes where he could get employment. Thus you oppreſs the poor; you diſtreſs the farmer, who at certain times wants an extraordinary number of hands; you will fill the gaols with inſolvent debtors; and you begin to ſow the ſeeds of ſcarcity and famine, which yourſelves muſt feel, as well as the innocent, which ſuffer but too often for the guilt of others. If this be your mode of redreſſing grievances, the remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe; and if no other crime could be laid to your charge but this regulation only, this alone would expoſe you to the deteſtation of every honeſt man.

I appeal to yourſelves, whether the unhappy perſons who loſt their lives by attempting a reſcue, and thus impeding the courſe of juſtice, would not have done better to mind their buſineſs, than to be cut off by a ſudden death, and leave their widows and orphans without ſupport? To yourſelves I appeal, whether ſuch of your aſſociates as have already undergone the juſt puniſhment of the law, or ſuch as are now confined in order to take their trial at the next aſſizes, and who, beſides their perſonal diſgrace and danger muſt feel for their families, deſtitute of their ſupport, and diſtreſſing themſelves to ſupport them in their confinement? I appeal to yourſelves, whether theſe perſons would not have done better to mind their labour, and partake in common with their little families of the fruits of their honeſt induſtry, than to be, as they now are, the unpitied objects of wretchedneſs, labouring under preſent anguiſh, and haunted with the terror of future puniſhment, repreſenting to themſelves the ſword of juſtice hanging over their heads, and uncertain of their future deſtiny. Would you really

wiſh to be in their ſituation? Anſwer me—I am ſure you would not. If then you intend to avoid their fate, avoid their example, and learn a little wiſdom from the folly of others, or rather avoid the puniſhment by avoiding the guilt.

Do you really believe, my brethren, (I call you brethren, becauſe I begin to ſoften from pity for the misfortunes you have already brought on others, and which you will inevitably bring on yourſelves, for methinks I already hear the cries of your widows, or forlorn mothers, calling to me for alms to help them to buy your coffins,) do you really believe that an obſtinate perſeverance in diſorder, a repetition of conflagrations and outrages, and a gradual riſe from one abuſe to another, are the beſt means of diſpoſing your rulers to lenity, and to a conſideration of the cauſes of your complaints? No. They only tend to give a keener edge to the ſword of juſtice. You ſhould rather dread, leſt conſtant provocations on your part, and every effort to reclaim you to your duty, rendered fruitleſs by an obſtinate reſiſtance, may induce the legiſlature to make what is called a *miſdemeanor*, CAPITAL FELONY, and that the ſame offences which in your aſſociates have been puniſhed with whipping or impriſonment only, may doom yourſelves to the halter. What if you were declared public enemies to the State, and ſhot without further ceremony wherever you would be met with after nightfall? This is what you have to fear; and nothing to hope while you remain turbulent.

No rulers on earth will permit any order of men to overturn eſtabliſhed laws, whilſt they have power to maintain their authority. Much leſs will the rulers of this kingdom change one tittle of the laws, on occaſion of any violence committed by a ſet of men who could be mowed down as ſo many withered weeds, by one ſingle regiment. They will liſten to the complaints of the ſubjects when preferred to them in a decent, humble and becoming manner, and through a proper channel. But they will reſerve to themſelves the mode of redreſs as well as the time for granting or refuſing it. The multitude is too fickle and inconſtant for governing itſelf. If it once ſtrikes out of the path of ſubordination, tumults, diſſentions, and the moſt atrocious crimes

crimes muſt be the reſult; and in this ſtate of convulſion, the man who complained of grievances before, under the ruling powers, will feel heavier grievances from his neighbour, who unreſtrained by law, will become his murderer or oppreſſor. Your conduct juſtifies my remark. The man who earned his fourpence or fivepence a day, ſlept ſecure under the protection of the law, and in the neighbourhood of the Magiſtrate. Now, by the White-Boy rules, he muſt ſtarve in his cottage for want of liberty to earn his bread in a diſtant pariſh, or ride the grey horſe on a furze ſaddle, or be buried to his chin in a torturing grave. How to conclude this letter I am at a loſs. If you have any regard for your lives, for your wives, for your children, for your fathers, for your mothers, I conjure you in the name of God, to deſiſt without any further delay. Lord Luttrell, who to his eternal honour, has enquired into your complaints, is in poſſeſſion of whatever is to be laid before the Senate of the nation, whoſe deciſion you ſhould wait for, with that ſubmiſſion becoming ſubjects, and that prudence which ſhould hinder you as men from running to your final deſtruction. Your cauſe could not be in worſe hands than your own. Therefore throw yourſelves on the mercy of your rulers, and do not force them to forget in the multitude of your offences, whatever may be the cauſe of your complaints. This plain, ſimple and candid advice is now your laſt reſource. If you reject it, you are undone. For, you will not only have the laws and army let looſe on you, but all the nobility and gentry, all the wiſe, peaceable, and virtuous ſubjects, will conſider you as public enemies, whoſe deſtruction is requiſite for their own preſervation. And as you are ignorant of the danger which threatens you, I requeſt in your behalf, as a favour of the Printers throughout the kingdom, to copy this letter into their reſpective papers, and of the friends of humanity to make it as public as poſſible, by diſperſing it amongſt you. That it have on you the deſired effect, is the wiſh of

ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Cork, Nov. 19, 1786.

APPENDIX.

(No. II.)

COPY of a PETITION which the Right Honourable LUKE GARDINER was to preſent to the IRISH HOUSE of COMMONS, on behalf of the ROMAN CATHOLICS of IRELAND, when the Clauſe for the demoliſhing their Chapels was to be debated.

THAT at the moſt critical times, and in the ſucceſſive wars in which Great Britain and Ireland have been involved, they have behaved as loyal and faithful ſubjects to each ſucceeding Sovereign.

That they have given to their rulers, the moſt ſacred and inviolable pledge which mortals could give, or which the legiſlature could preſcribe—a ſolemn oath, the ſincerity of which has been manifeſted by their conduct, and readineſs to co-operate with their Proteſtant fellow-ſubjects, in the defence of their common country, in the time of danger.

That popular commotions are not the growth of any particular ſoil, nor peculiar to any deſcription of men, but happen in every age, and in every nation; they happened in Spain, an *abſolute and Catholic government*, within theſe few years—they happened in Great Britain, a free and Proteſtant ſtate, in the year 80.

That in the ſuppreſſion of the diſturbances which happened of late in the South of Ireland, the Catholic nobility and gentry, their prelates and inferior clergy, have been moſt active. That during theſe diſturbances their chapels have been nailed up, their Roman Catholic paſtors abuſed and forced from their pariſhes, and no diſtinction made in the paroxiſm of popular frenzy; that in the head of a bill brought into this honourable Houſe, they have read with equal concern and aſtoniſhment, a clauſe, empowering the civil

civil magiſtrates to pull down, level and proſtrate, any Roman Catholic chapel, in which, or in the vicinity of which, any unlawful oath is tendered, upon the teſtimony of one witneſs.

That they conſider ſuch a clauſe diſgraceful to their religion as chriſtians, injurious to their honour, character and loyalty, as ſubjects; and naturally impreſſing the mind of their moſt gracious Sovereign, with the notion, that his Catholic ſubjects are combining (in the moſt awful and ſacred of all places) againſt his Crown and dignity. And as it muſt eventually prove deſtructive of the indulgence which of late a humane and enlightened legiſlature has granted them, after a long trial of their fidelity, while it laboured under the ſevereſt laws.—As ſuch a clauſe, (beſides holding forth a ſuſpicion of their ſincerity) has a natural tendency to afford a pretext for repealing the favours already granted to the whole body of their communion, in caſe any deluded individual, either actuated by licentiouſneſs, or ſtimulated by their enemies, ſhould oppoſe the magiſtrates in the proſtration of chapels, which were left ſtanding in times of the greateſt perſecution.

That amidſt the profligacy of morals, of late ſo prevalent amongſt the lower orders who have ſhaken off that reſtraint under which they had been heretofore kept by their paſtors, and from other collateral cauſes, it would be no difficult matter to find not only one witneſs, but ſeveral who would ſwear before a magiſtrate that ſuch oaths were taken, though no ſuch oaths had ever been adminiſtered.

For theſe and other reaſons, which will occur to the ſenate of the nation, they moſt humbly pray your honours will not paſs the ſame into a law.

FINIS.

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